The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked by the Directors of the David Copperfield Library, in Somers Town, to write a note that could be framed and hung by the bookcase that contained the gifts by American publishers. The following is a copy of the letter she has sent :

"*To the Dear Readers of the David Copperfield Library in London.*

"I began to love Charles Dickens and to read him when I was a little 'country mouse' eight years old ; and when I was eleven (oh, wonderful good fortune !) I travelled with him on a certain railway journey between Maine and Massachusetts. It was a magical, a miraculous trip of two hours, during which my child-hand was in his and his arm around my waist ; so that in that long talk we became real friends. I have told the tale in 'A Child's Journey with Dickens.' Some of you may have read it, and it will explain my interest in the David Copperfield Library.

"There are many other Americans, thousands of them, who love and read Dickens and want to share in making this library in the house where he lived as a boy. One of them, Annie Carroll Moore, who chooses the children's books for the New York Public Library, has made this representative selection which I am asked to send as a gift from the generous American publishers whose names appear in each of their presentation volumes.

"Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"New York."

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "More Trivia," by Logan Pearsall Smith ; and "The Life of a Tyro," by Wyndham Lewis, with illustrations by the author.

"Letters on Education," by the Hon. Edward Lyttleton, is to be published this month by the Cambridge Press.

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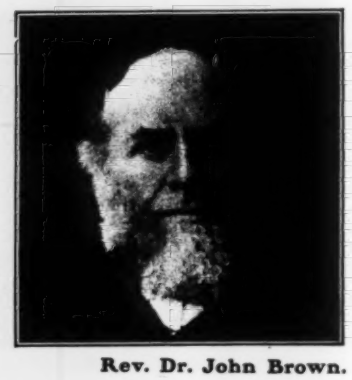


Rev. Dr. John Brown.

Dr. John Brown, who died last month at a very advanced age, was author of a biography of John Bunyan and had been pastor of Bunyan Meeting House Church, Bedford, for forty years—a church which has literary associations besides those with Bunyan. Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White) was numbered among its members. Dr. John Holland Rose, the eminent historian, spent his earlier years in Bedford, and attended Dr. Brown's church; and Professor J. M. Keynes, whose book on what happened at Versailles has been a centre of so much controversy, was sometimes seen in the Manse pew there. Dr. Brown was Professor Keynes's grandfather, his eldest daughter being the mother of the most drastic critic of the Peace Treaty.

Margaret Rivers Larminie, whose "Search" (Chatto & Windus) is reviewed in this Number, is widely known as Mrs. R. C. Tragett, the All England Ladies Singles Badminton Champion for 1911 and 1912, and as past and present holder of many other Badminton titles. In "Search," a story of contemporary English life, she has written a very remarkable first novel.

A new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, "The Man in the Twilight," just published by Mr. Cecil Palmer, tells the story of a great industrial struggle for supremacy between two men of wholly antagonistic temperament and ideals, and into it is woven a strong love romance. The setting is the vast primeval forests of Canada.

So much difficulty is often experienced in obtaining accurate and reliable information about American artists and art institutions in the United States, that many will be glad to learn of the existence of the *American Art Annual*, of which Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co., of Cork Street, have recently been appointed London agents. This annual, which is published by the American Federation of Arts (Washington, D.C.), includes an exhaustive "Who's Who" of American artists, a summary of recent additions to museums and galleries, a list with prices of the most important works sold by auction during the year, and full particulars of the leading art schools, exhibiting societies and other bodies in the States. An indispensable work of reference for all who wish to keep abreast of the times as regards Art in America.

Mr. Edwin V. Odle,

well known as a dramatic critic and miscellaneous writer, whose first novel, "The History of Alfred Rudd," a story of the Variety Stage, Messrs. Collins are publishing this spring.

Nobody has been more susceptible to the spell of China than has Mr. Arthur de C. Sowerby. He was born at Tai-yuan Fu, in Shansi, in 1885, his parents being British missionaries there. He made a second visit to England in 1889, receiving a rather broken education at Maidenhead and Bath, and went to Bristol University in 1904. Next year he kicked over the traces, and after a good deal of roughing it in Canada went back to China, doing museum work there, between expeditions into the wilds. He taught at the Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, for two years, then went on an expedition with Mr. M. P. Anderson for the British Museum, and in the autumn of the same year (1908) accompanied the "Clark Expedition" into Western China and met with disaster. Hostile tribesmen murdered their surveyor, and Mr. Sowerby escaped with his life by a miracle. Subsequently, accompanied by his wife, he

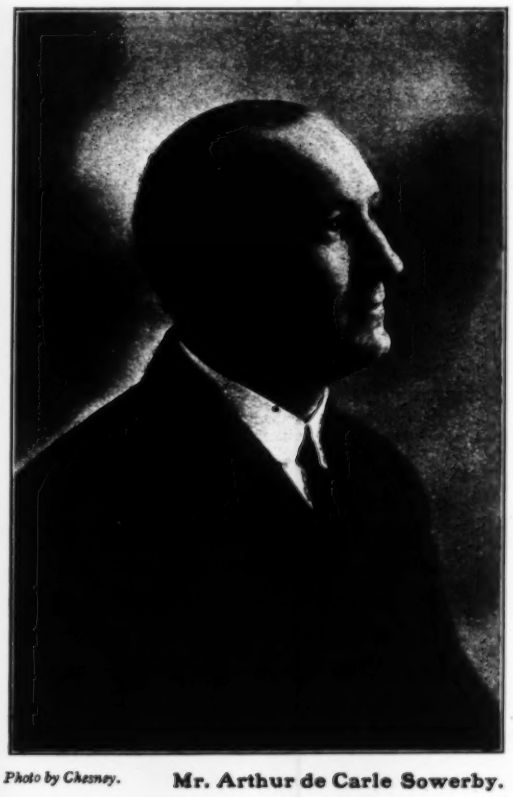
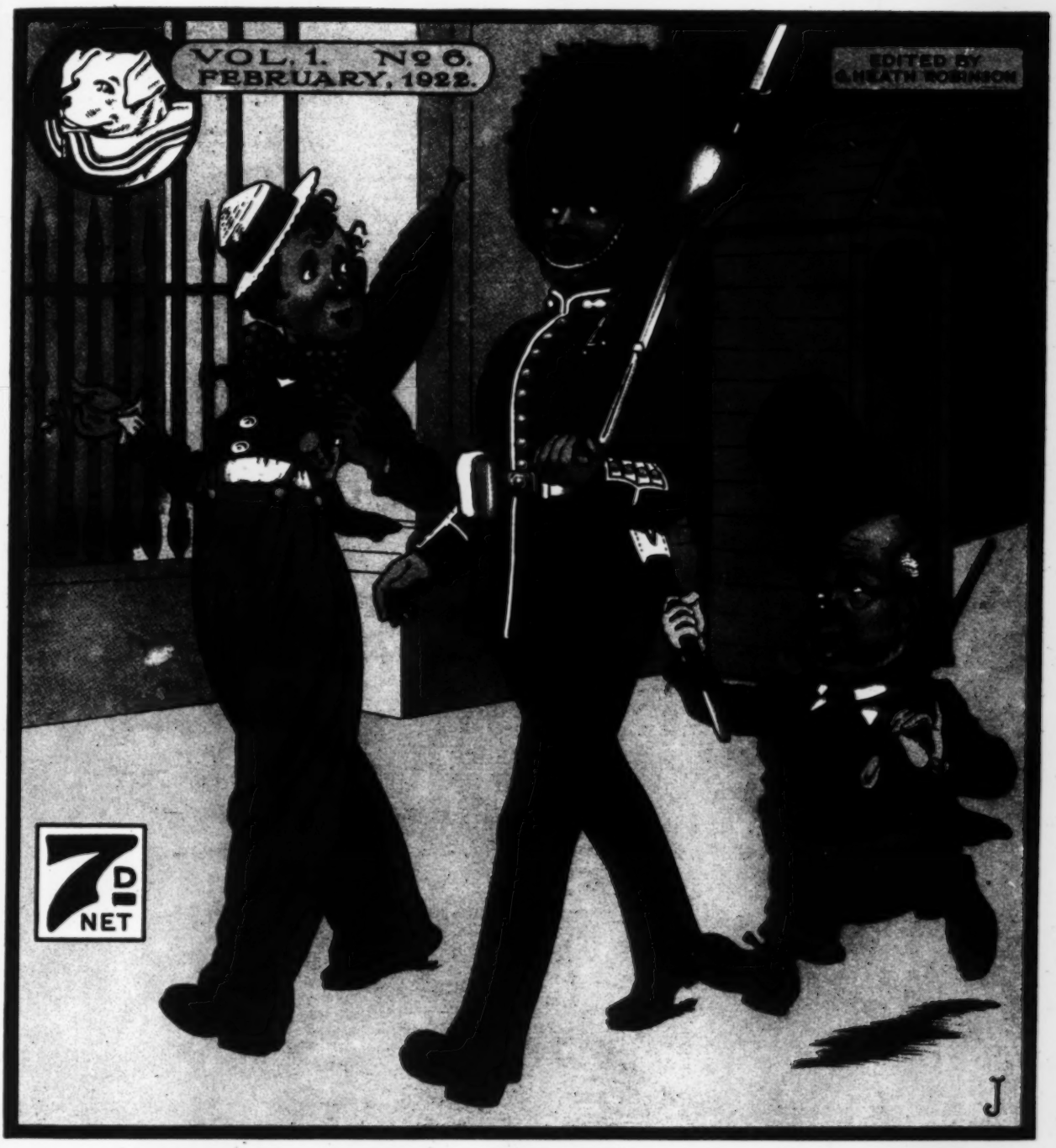


Photo by Chesney. **Mr. Arthur de Carle Sowerby.**

TOBY

A CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE MONTHLY



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TOBY is published monthly. TOBY is edited by G. Heath Robinson, price 7d., and can be obtained everywhere. If any difficulty send 9d. in stamps to G. Heath Robinson and J. Birch, Ltd., 17/18, Took's Court, Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

went exploring and collecting for the United States National Museum. With intervals in England, he has been exploring in China ever since, discovering numerous new species and making large collections of animals and birds. He has found time to write and publish two books "Fur and Feather in North China" (1914) and "A Sportsman's Miscellany" (1917), and the Tientsin Press, Limited, of Tientsin, which published these, is shortly issuing a third, "The Naturalist in Manchuria."

Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce.

Messrs. Gyldendal, the Scandinavian publishing house, have recently taken more spacious offices in 11, Hanover Square, and the management of the English branch of this enterprising, old-established firm is now under the direction of Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce. Mr. Bruce was in the Legation at Christiania throughout the war in connection with the Ministry of Blockade, and was subsequently Secretary of the Schleswig Plebiscite Commission, under Sir Charles Marling. The ideal of Messrs. Gyldendal is to form a closer bond between England and Scandinavia. Among the projects of this firm is the establishment of a Scandinavian Circulating Library for the benefit of Scandinavians in England and for all familiar with the tongues of those countries. It is hoped that the Library will be opened on February 1st, together with the retail department for Scandinavian works in the original languages. Messrs. Gyldendal will also from now onwards publish more works by English authors, and hope to offer them simultaneous publication in the various countries in which the firm have branches. Among books they have in hand for early publication is another English translation from Knut Hamsun's works, under the title of "Wanderers"; "The Miracles of Clara van Haag," by Johannes Buchholtz (both translated by Mr. W. Worster, well known as the translator of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil"); "Life," by Johan Bojer; "Sakhawachiak," by Ejnar Mikkelsen, the latter a novel of Eskimo life; "Selaambs," by Sigfrid Siwertz; and "Atheism in Antiquity," by Professor A. B. Drachmann.

Photo by Claude Harris. **Mr. Walter Hutchinson,**

Editor of "Hutchinson's Story of the British Nation," a pictorial history of the British peoples from the earliest times to the present day, the first number of which has just been issued.

It is not easy for any author to live down a good reputation when once he has made it. Mr. Desmond Coke has written some of the most delightful stories of modern school life, and finds that nearly everybody expects him to go on doing likewise, though he is bent on making new departures, and has made them successfully more than once. His latest novel, "Pamela Herself," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just published, takes a large canvas, studies a certain difficult type of feminine character, and traces through twenty years the life of a woman who, as a vital and amusing girl of seventeen, marries the young head master of a Public School, without the smallest realisation of the responsibilities to which she is pledging herself, and it is not until a dramatic crisis arrives which forces her to choose between the success of her husband's career and her own idea of happiness that Pamela, at last, finds herself. In spite of the school interest, it is a story on broader lines and of a different kind than any Mr. Desmond Coke has hitherto attempted.

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The charming fairy-tale for children, "The Luck of the Bean Rows," recently published by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, with illustrations in colour by C. Lovat Fraser, has been dedicated to Princess Mary, and now contains a dedicatory poem, with her permission, of which this is the second of three verses:

"Since gifts go to you—Wedlock's wage—
Accept this Dedication Page
With homage from the hands that give it.
All life's a fairy tale—go live it!"

The 1922 volume of "Who's Who" (42s.; Black) has arrived among the earliest New Year books—a portly development of a work now in the seventy-fourth year of its useful career. Its concise records of distinguished men and women in every walk of public life give it a unique place as an annual biographical dictionary of most catholic scope. There can no longer be any excuse for the world to know nothing of its greatest men, for "Who's Who" opens its doors to everybody who has done anything notable in literature, art, science, politics, the Church, the Army, the Navy, business and general society, and here in its wisely cosmopolitan pages you find all you need to know about over thirty thousand such.

"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (3s. 6d.; Black) is in certain ways the complement of "Who's Who," and with its dictionary of British and American publishers, newspapers and magazines and agents, its practical information concerning agreements and copyrights, and on writing for the stage and the cinema, it is as invaluable to amateur and professional artists as "Who's Who" is to all sorts and conditions of the world at large.

The extraordinary success of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's brilliant novel, "If Winter Comes," has led to a demand for new editions of his earlier books, "Once Aboard the Lugger," "The Happy Warrior" and "The Clean Heart." "If Winter Comes" is now in its fourteenth English edition, and still remains one of the best-sellers in America.

Photo by Maud Basil.

Mr. Ward Muir,

whose brilliant new novel, "Crossing Piccadilly Circus" (Heinemann), was revieved in last month's BOOKMAN.

Many in the book trade in this country as well as in South Africa will wish to congratulate Mr. Thomas Yardley, of Messrs. Yardley & Yardley on his election as Mayor of Pretoria. Mr. Yardley, who is a man of wide public interests, was born and bred among books. He took an active part in the business of his father, the late Mr. Thomas Yardley, the well-known bookbinder of Liverpool Road. After his father's death in 1907, he joined the staff of the Oxford University Press and eventually toured South Africa on their and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's behalf. In 1913 he joined Mr. Harvey in opening what is now one of the most up-to-date and best stocked book shops in the Transvaal. Mr. Yardley is a Freeman of the City of London, as were his father and grandfather, and his rapid rise in the public affairs of the go-ahead seat of the South African Government shows the same conspicuous abilities which so quickly enabled him to build up a prominent position in the business life of South Africa. In being elected Mayor of Pretoria, Mr. Yardley has well deserved his honour. He gained his position through hard work and sterling intregity, and it is gratifying that a bookseller and a Londoner should hold the highest municipal executive post in Pretoria. We wish him every success in his year of office.

"Tales of the Eternal," a new book of short stories by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, will be published this spring by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

The exhibition of his photographic work which Mr. E. O. Hoppé held last month at the Goupil Galleries, was very largely attended, and won warm encomiums from the art critics of the Press. As a result, we understand, Mr. Hoppé is arranging to publish a volume of his portraits of famous authors, artists and public men, and a volume of his striking photographs of New York, which is to be followed by a companion volume of London photographs.

After unavoidable delay, the first two volumes of the "Vailima" edition of Stevenson's Works are

Mr. Ernest Raymond,

whose new novel, "Tell England," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

now ready. This edition will contain a good deal of new autobiographical and other matter, including about a hundred hitherto unpublished letters and some hundred and fifty new poems, two new fables and, among three or four other fragments, fifteen chapters of "A History of Henry Shovel," written the year before Stevenson's death. The general editor is Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, assisted by Mr. W. D. Howe. The work is published by Messrs. Heinemann, in association with Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Methuen and Messrs. Scribner.

"Geoghan's Kid," a novel of life in the West Indies by Mr. Lister Ralph, is to be published immediately by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

Mr. Ernest Raymond, whose first novel, "Tell England: A Study in a Generation," Messr.. Cassell have just published, was educated at St. Paul's School, and was a master at Eastbourne and Bath for five years. He took a first-class in the Universities Preliminary to Holy Orders at Chichester Theological College, and when the war came was given a chaplaincy, within a month of being ordained. He saw active service in Gallipoli with the 10th Manchester Regiment, and was present at the evacuation. In the following year he went to Egypt, and was sent with the Desert Column that conquered the wilderness of Sinia and entered Palestine. He was later at the Battle of Passchendaele; then ordered to Mesopotamia; joined the "Hush-Hush" Brigade in Persia, and in 1919 was with our troops in Russia.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

No genuine Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast should fail to read Mr. Henry A. Lytton's very entertaining book of personal recollections, "The Secrets of a Savoyard" (6s.; Jarrolds). He is the last of the race—that is, the last of the original players in these operas who is still playing in them. Not the least interesting part of his volume are the stories of his marriage (he married at about seventeen while still at school, and was caned and expelled from the school for it) and the early vicissitudes of himself and his wife in the theatrical world. Hard times to endure, no doubt, but to read of they are a delightfully romantic prelude to the record of a long and successful career on the stage. Mr. Lytton has played thirty parts in the thirteen operas, and pours out good anecdotes lavishly, about the operas themselves, their authors and producers and the actors who have become famous in them, including an account of how the ideal partnership between Gilbert and Sullivan was dissolved through a ridiculous quarrel over the price of a carpet. The stories of all the operas are given in outline at the end of the book. A very welcome addition to the annals of the modern stage, and not the less so for being lively and personal but without a touch of malice anywhere.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

F. E. GREEN.*

IT is never an easy task to sit in judgment upon a Compleat Author. The first thing the critic has to do is to knock his unruly victim, so to speak, into shipshape order; to stand him up four-square to the winds, a solid tri-dimensional figure divested of all props and appurtenances, with the entire Works in his hands, and that single aspect of countenance which expresses the inmost soul of him. F. E. Green, I am afraid, defies such man-handling. He is one of those many-sided writers who will never consent to be simplified down to three dimensions, but seem to corrugate into at least a dozen.

Take up a book of his, and you can never be sure which F. E. Green you will meet there: novelist, short story writer, rücksack wayfarer, rural statistician, champion of Hodge, vivisector of landlordism, Quixote of politics, prose poet, or apostle of pigs and poultry. Probably you will encounter a great deal of each, and go on your way profoundly shaken but rejoicing. You will be reminded of the gentleman who confessed to Dr. Johnson that he had always tried hard to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness was always breaking in. F. E. Green might have been just an agricultural expert, but somehow beauty kept breaking in; so much so, indeed, that more than one editor has had to rebuke him severely for his display of "style." He might equally have been a high priest of beauty; but here it was the agriculture which kept breaking in. It is all as disconcerting to the critic as it is delightful to the reader with a zest for life in all its aspects.

Presume to seek out the author in the flesh on his little Surrey holding, and similar bafflement probably awaits you. You may, if you are lucky, find him appropriately enshrined among his books and papers in the simply-furnished living-room, with its two great

* "A Few Acres and a Cottage." (Andrew Melrose.)—"The Awakening of England." (Nelson.)—"The Tyranny of the Countryside." (Labour Publishing Co.)—"History of the English Agricultural Labourer, 1870–1920." (King.)—"The Surrey Hills." (Chatto & Windus.)—"A New Agricultural Policy." (Leonard Parsons.)

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brown curtained bays framing wide views of the Leith Hill ridge and the richly-wooded Weald. More likely than not, you will encounter a rustic working among his fruit trees, Jersey Shorthorns, Large Blacks, or White Orpingtons—and ask if Mr. Green is at home. The retort will probably leave you in no doubt of the fact; it will have a certain literary tincture, like good Sussex ale.

You will be looking at a man with the vigorous, ample build of a yeoman—and the face of an artist, with its forehead of a thinker, its deep-set blue eyes of a dreamer, its full lips—partly hidden by the big, drooping moustache—of a humorous, whimsical good-nature, its chin of a worker and fighter. Alternatively, as you climb the garden path between the apple and plum trees and tall Madonna lilies, you may hear a significant droning. That will be either the yeoman hiving a swarm of bees, or the artist dictating a swarm of ideas. Both are possessed of something sharper than honey, and in either case it is possibly dangerous to approach too near. . . .

We might do well perhaps to linger a little over the holding, for it supplies the clue to what is most distinctive and valuable in F. E. Green's very considerable work. That work has grown out of these twenty-four acres of Surrey clay as surely as his three-acre orchard, vegetable plots, hay and corn crops, cows, pigs, bees, poultry, and the frugal cottage home itself, with its tea-roses clambering royally about brown casements and angles of wall, and its grassy fore-plot bordered by wallflower, sweet-william, phlox, snapdragon, nasturtium.

When he went there a generation ago the place was nothing but a bare upland field; he, and his life's comrade and co-worker, Constance Green—something of a poet, as well as a spirited hostess—have made of it a beautiful homestead worthy, in all but size, to rank with the traditional homesteads in that homeliest of Wealds undulating between the North Downs and St. Leonards Forest. That may sound like an experiment in smallholdings and the simple life, but it is more than that. F. E. Green cherishes no illusions about peasant proprietorship in a country which has yet to learn the elements of co-operation from the smallholders of Denmark and Holland. He has consistently refused to fabricate sensational revelations of profits from a few acres. What he came into Surrey to experiment with was Life, that other "little holding" of Meredith, "lent to do a mighty labour."

"I was impelled towards the new life by a love of nature and simplicity and an admiration for Thoreau," he once confessed to me over the sizzling of his winter logs. "Tolstoy's 'What To Do' influenced me strongly in my desire to work as a labourer. It was a reaction from the soul-deadening artificialities of city life, with their lack of creative joy. Above all I wanted to rouse people to a sense of the realities of life. To write faithfully of the bottom dog was always my ambition. I wanted to experience, and not merely describe as an onlooker, the life of the worst paid class in England."

You may find the germ of all this in his sketches of London working-class life—"Love and Hunger." Two of the characters are farm labourers migrating with their families into the town slums in quest of more wages and less servitude; another is an artisan who prefers shabby volumes of Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris, Mazzini, Shelley, Crabbe, and Massey to solid dinners. They indicate clearly enough the spirit of righteous protest and uncompromising truth-seeking which the older F. E. Green is to carry into the country-side with all the zest of a Cobbett, a satire more effective than his burly oathings, perhaps, and a sense of beauty more penetrating than his robust exuberance.

Of the Surrey holding, and the month-to-month trials and labours and recompenses thereof, you may enjoy a whole year in "A Few Acres and a Cottage" (1911). Surely there was never a more naïve record of the kind, in which porkers and poetry were so strangely—our author's philosophy would have us say naturally—intermingled. For the practical worker in Arcady there is science and to spare; for the idyllic visitor, strong draughts of beauty. It might be called "A Few Acres—and God's Universe," for a chink in the commonest everyday task suffices, as it does with the Chinese poet, to let in the Cosmos.

It is the soul more than the agricultural fabric which concerns us when we come to "The Awakening of England" (1912), "The Tyranny of the Countryside" (1913) and the "History of the English Agricultural Labourer, 1870–1920" (1920). In these the early promise has come to splendid fruition. The years of manual labour and hard struggle on the holding have served to develop, as nothing else could, a man skilled in the crafts of the country-side who can go out to the inns and hovels and hedges and highways and meet the farm and village worker firmly and squarely on his own ground. No small achievement that, for one town bred.

In the first part of the "Awakening" its author follows close on the tracks of Cobbett's "Rural Rides." In the "Tyranny" he tramps Belloc's "Roman Road." But he is neither bemused by history nor dazzled by the picturesque. It is the living, transitional England of to-day that he looks for with such ruthless penetration and insight, such intuition and sympathy. The past comes in only as the womb which helped to shape the present, and for purposes of comparison. One doubts if there was ever a chronicler of rural life—not excepting Cobbett himself—so sensitive to the beauties of pastoral England, and yet so provokingly unwilling to be blinded to the human realities underlying them.

The underlying realities find their most tragic expression in the Pastorals of Hampshire and Surrey in the "Tyranny." The first is a treatment of the old village theme: "Lizzie Turner's been and disgraced 'erself." We see the pregnant girl and her lover trudging off with their box under the haughty Roman nose of the lady of the manor, so to speak, and the sensual indifference of the squire and his sporting friends. The son of the boorish farmer, who has been induced to dismiss the girl, rebels; they fight sullenly over the loading of a bled pig, and when the squire and his lady come along the farmer is lying with glassy stare in a pool of manure, the son has collapsed on the hog-stool and blubbers dementedly like a child. "Ah, my lady, there's been foul play here. Is your hand white?—white as that pig's back? Or is it red with blood like mine—blood red! blood red!" The second shows us the change wrought in an unsophisticated girl who becomes nurse to a county family and repudiates the

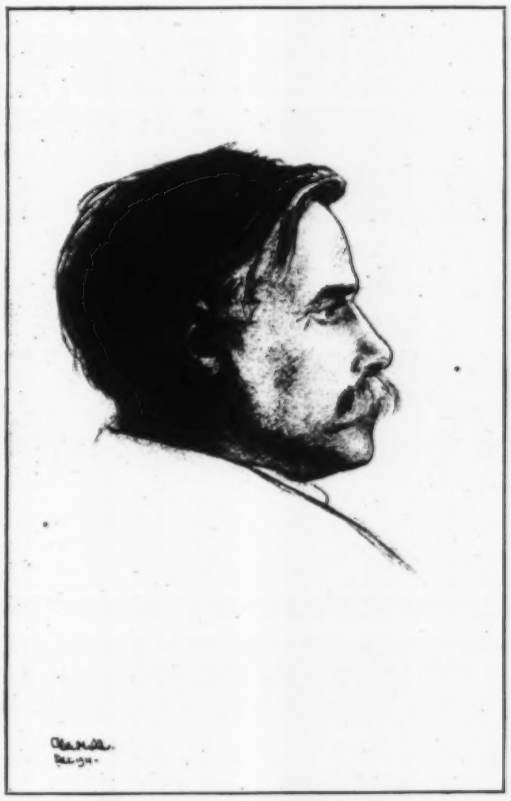
simple craftsman of the woods to whom she was plighted:

"'That's what done it!' he cried, flourishing his great axe towards the Big House. 'It ruins its maid-servants and its men-servants inside and outside—curse it!'

"A gleam of red light seen through the tracery of the bare branches, now burgeoning into new life, shot across the sky. It ran with the colour of blood along the gleaming edge of the axe which Martin struck with fierce incision into the heart of the oak. Shrieking, it fell with a crash to the ground."

The "History"—perhaps his greatest labour of love—is none the less dramatic, although it is packed with statistical grain for students and authorities to thrash out. The curtain rises on the seventies, with their peasant customs which later conditions were to destroy; the morris dances on village greens; the wedding revels in barns, with the fiddler on upturned tub, and candles guttering down oak pillars; the courting idylls, when the lover would tramp to the girl's home, wake her up in the night by throwing gravel at the bedroom window, eat and sup with her in the farm-house kitchen, and return in the early hours; the Plough Mondays; Easter Plays; Harvest Suppers. But all these are seen in proper perspective:

"There was something lacking in the novelist's pictures of perennial harvest homes; of farm kitchens groaning under the weight of gargantuan dumplings and pitchers of beer. . . . To get the right perspective we should have to open the cupboard of the farm labourer's wife and figure out . . . how they fared on the contents of that cupboard."



Mr. F. E. Green,
From a drawing by Alec Miller.

So we are shown what life really meant in terms of 10s. a week, day-long labour and tumbledown cottages. We see Joseph Arch, hedge-cutter and preacher, haranguing labourers in the heart of Shakespeare's England. Meetings were held under the stars, on road-side wastes, in sheep-folds, in pounds, "on wind-swept commons under the pale moon." When there was no moon lanterns were stuck on bean poles, or some one would brandish candles on the top of his hat. The speakers, from Arch downwards, were blunt, God-fearing men bursting with scriptural allusions, but out of their labours the first rural union grew, enrolling 70,000 in one year.

Then comes frustration in the period of depression following on the black year of '79. By '81 700,000 farm dwellers had migrated to towns or colonies, 5,000,000 sheep had perished from disease, village industries had decayed, 1,000,000 acres had been lost to the plough. The rest is a tale of abortive strikes, lock-outs, the sporadic growth of unions, bad housing, evictions, victimisation. If we call it an epic it is because this rural Odyssey is written with the blood of the humble labourers and their wives—F. E. Green never forgets his women—who had to endure the brunt of it. And his labourers are never the stolid oxen of urban imagining:

"Scrutinise the faces of the men selected to negotiate, and you will find them anything but immobile. Every facial muscle moves, as they sit listening with watchful intentness. Nervous tension is betrayed by the eye, which is as keen as a hawk's; and when their silence is broken it is by the language of a long pent-up pain."

Nor will he agree that nature makes no appeal to those who labour with plough and hoe In words of impassioned beauty, which fix the tenor of the whole book, he shows what the spiritual country-side means to the lonely worker whose feet are set in the home-land clay, and whose heart is filled with such dumb fealty to the acres which bred him that he will often endure life-long hardship for their sake.

These rural chronicles should be as familiar to the ordinary country lover as his guide-books, for they do for the land worker and his cottage what the guide does for the historic county family, the wayside church and ancestral seat. At the very least they might serve to save the casual wayfarer from those excesses of pastoral idyllicism which are unworthy of a realistic age. We find none of these in our author's own charming, anecdotal pilgrimage, "The Surrey Hills" (1915), which shows how he was saturated with the literary and historical lore and loveliness of his home county, like George Bourne, while being man and artist enough to pierce through them. How deep he has gone, and to what immediate purpose, we may judge by his "New Agricultural Policy" (1921).

A Life of Cobbett is at present in the making. Like Cobbett, he too is unresting in his efforts to help build Jerusalem "In England's green and pleasant land," and it will be our fault and not his if Babylon and Moloch prevail. He gives to life more than ever he took from it. More than that one can say of no man.

TREVOR ALLEN.

NOTE.—The last sentence, and others, in the above article must now be read in the past tense, for, as we go to press, we learn with very deep regret that, after an illness of some months, Mr. F. E. Green died a day or two ago.

XUM

THE READER.

A. A. MILNE: DRAMATIST AND LITTÉRATEUR.

By Louis J. McQuilland.

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE is the Fortunate Youth of Letters. It seems but a few years since, as a soaring undergraduate, he was editing *The Granta* at Cambridge—it is really some considerable time—and he still looks like a boy and writes like six well-equipped men.

Milne's latest play, "The Truth about Blayds" at the Globe, is not as a composite whole the best thing he has done; but its first act is one which any dramatist would be proud of: Henry James would have given his little finger to have written it, and the idea is strangely Jacobean. Oliver Blayds, at ninety years of age, is one of the great Victorian figures, a poet who almost patronises Swinburne and who chuckled over the scathing wit of Whistler. Old Oliver had been at Windsor, too, and had held his own with the formidable "Widow." His two daughters regarded him as a god, and his son-in-law, William Blayds-Conway, waited on him with greater deference and awe than Bozzy gave to Dr. Johnson. The immense joke of the situation was that the mighty Blayds was an almighty humbug. The poetry which made his name immortal was the work of a friend seventy years dead—the unrecorded Jenkins. When Blayds did attempt a volume on his own account, the result was thoroughly dismal.

I can remember few better curtains than this venerable humbug, played with magnificent unction and power by Norman McKinnell, about to confide to his unmarried daughter, Isabel, the terrific bluff of his long and dishonest life. It was impossible for the play to survive brilliantly this knock-out climax. My only complaint is that Mr. Milne did not sustain the ironic note, an achievement easily within his powers; but I fancy he had to struggle hard with his artistic convictions before he relapsed into that comforting sentimentalism which is the standard curse of the English stage.

"The Truth about Blayds" has had many predecessors. Milne's "First Plays," which can luckily be read in volume form, were not the work of a professional writer, but the recreation of a (temporary) professional soldier. Playwrighting, as he has said, is a luxury to a journalist as insidious as golf, and much more expensive in time and money. To write plays, then, while he was a journalist, seemed to him as depraved an act as going to Lords in the morning. In the army the case was altered; his job was soldiering, and his spare time was his own affair. Hence a great beginning with the cute and witty "Wurzel-Flummery"—the best play of his first period, and perhaps still the best of all. The others were "The Lucky One" (doomed, as he protests, from the start by reason of its too good name); "The Boy Comes Home," produced by Mr. Owen Nares at the Victoria Palace; "Belinda," produced by Mr. Dion Boucicault at the New Theatre in April, 1918, with delectable Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the delicious name part; and "The Red Feather," a mannered operetta, presented at the Everyman Theatre last year.

Milne's "Second Plays" comprise another great Boucicault-Vanbrugh success, "Mr. Pim Passes By"; "Make-Believe," "The Camberley Triangle," "The Stepmother" and "The Romantic Age."

Very many people who are not familiar with Mr. Milne as a dramatist are assiduous students of the articles republished from *Punch*, and his fascinating essays on anything and everything, as also his novels.

He obviously does not care for being interviewed, but bravely concealed his inner anguish when I brutally approached him for the "story of his life."

"When I came to London first," he said, biting on his pipe-stem, "I had enough money to keep me for a year. That was in 1903. I took rooms in Temple Chambers, wrote articles and sent them on circuit. At the end of a year I had spent my money and earned £20. I moved to Chelsea, took two rooms in a policeman's house for ten shillings a week, and went on writing. In my second year I earned £120. In my third year, *Punch*—for which I had been writing a good deal—offered me the assistant editorship on Burnand's retirement from the editorship.

"I was assistant editor of *Punch* up till the war. When I went into the army in 1914 my place was of course kept open for me, but I decided on demobilisation—by mutual agreement with the proprietors—not to go back. In the army in 1915 I really began to write, as explained in the dedication to 'Once on a Time' (published by Hodder & Stoughton), which is, incidentally, my favourite book. When that work was finished, I felt I must go on with something, and so turned to plays. We, that is, my wife and I, wrote four plays while I was in the army—'Wurzel-Flummery,' 'Belinda,' 'The Boy Comes Home' and 'The Lucky One.' The three last were written after I had been invalided back from France.

"I was employed at this time," explained Mr. Milne, "at a signalling-school at one of the forts on the Portsdown hills. We had a cottage at Portchester, two miles away. I got up at 6.45 every morning, staggered up to the fort 400 feet above us, taught there till 4.30, staggered home, had tea, and then sat in the garden and dictated to my wife. This was really rather an effort, as I was ill at the time, and, in fact, had to retire again into hospital for some weeks in the middle of things."

At this juncture of the interview Mr. Milne amazed me with the following electrical statement: "We wrote 'Belinda' in a week—with the day beginning at 5.30, although of course we had the whole Sunday. Within a fortnight from the evening when I said, 'I will now think of a play for Irene Vanbrugh,' it

was invented, written, typed and accepted. In general, however, I do not recommend this way of writing plays.

"For a year after the war I wrote weekly essays for the *Sphere* and the *Outlook*; I had left *Punch*. I had the uneasy sense that I ought to have still some form of regular income. None the less, these essays have gone the way of the *Punch* weekly articles, and I am now in the happy position of being able to write what I like, when I like, where I like; and it mustn't necessarily be plays all the time."

That last declaration will be a very welcome one to the many admirers of Milne's essays, novels and other belles-lettres. It would be a tragedy if he went the way of Sir J. M. Barrie and devoted his whole talents to the art of the theatre.

I asked this delightful writer what time he *did* write, and he told me that he did most of his work in the morning, and sometimes after lunch, but never after dinner. That appears to me an ideal arrangement for a man who wants to preserve some ease in life and perfect peace of mind in the evening. "Mrs. Milne encourages me to go to my club every day; she says it brightens me up and that I bring her back plenty of good stories," said this happy husband.

Reverting to his method of work, Milne does not believe that easy writing makes hard reading. He is one of the blessèd souls who invents with ease. "I have no difficulty about subjects," he cheerfully admits; "in fact, the whole trouble of the modern writer is that he has a superfluity of subjects. Suppose one desires to write around the matter of 'Boots,' the choices are infinite."

Photo by E. O Hoppé. **Mr. A. A. Milne.**

This is the good luck of Milne. Many felicitous writers take hours in hitting on a subject, and toil over the accomplished end in sweat and blood. I think part of the secret of Milne's facility is that he smokes a pipe. Cigarette men have such periods of fiddle-daddle in the manipulation of the ephemeral cigarette that their attention is distracted from the brain-task in hand. I think it most possible, too, that Milne smokes Barrie's celestial mixture, the Arcadia. He certainly looks very happy and curiously boyish while enjoying tobacco.

A pipe, too, is the best instrument for assistance in detective problems. Milne emulated Sherlock Holmes as nicotine consumer while writing his most ingenious and titilating serial, "The Red House Mystery," which is shortly to appear as a novel.

He has a courageous and illuminating taste in other people's fiction. He declares that Samuel Butler is the man who wrote the best novel in the English language in "The Way of all Flesh." His second choice is Kenneth Grahame's golden book, "The Wind in the Willows," which he rightly assumes has never had its full deserts.

"Should I ever find myself in the dock," Milne has declared, "and one never knows—my answer to the question whether I had anything to say would be: 'Well, my lord, if I might just recommend a book to the jury before leaving . . .' Mr. Justice Darling would probably pretend that he had read it, but he wouldn't deceive me."

And some of us like Milne almost as well as Grahame and treasure "The Day's Play" equally with "The Wind in the Willows."

MISS ALICE BIRD: A MEMORY.

By Beatrice Harraden.

A FEW months ago there passed away at Hampstead a lady of infinite grace and charm, advanced in years but amazingly young in spirit, and up to the last deeply interested in modern life and thought, and of unabated sympathy with poets and all literary people. Miss Alice Bird, known to all her troops of friends, young and old alike, as Lallah, was one of the last connecting links with the far-off days of Keats and Leigh Hunt, and it was she who was in possession of the MS. of Keats's "Hyperion" which she generously allowed the British Museum to acquire, rather than suffer it to find its way into the collection of some wealthy enthusiast in the States. Her brother, Dr. George Bird, a well-known doctor in his time, many years her senior and a man of great culture and breadth of mind, had been Leigh Hunt's physician in his closing years, and we find his name mentioned several times in Leigh Hunt's correspondence.

The history of the "Hyperion" MS. is so curious that I will here write down the details as given me by Miss Bird herself.

Thornton Leigh Hunt, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, in the midst of his busy life of journalist and *littérateur*, planned to edit his father's correspondence, but had not enough continuous leisure for sorting out the letters which filled two huge chests. He was much helped in his task by two members of his family and by Miss Bird, who was then considerably under twenty years of age.

These young people sorted out and arranged the

letters chronologically in packets of ten years, and got all the material in order for Thornton Leigh Hunt to work on. Many weeks were spent in this loving and thrilling labour; and Miss Bird's description of the delight with which she steeped herself in the atmosphere of the period covered by the correspondence makes one convinced that she, above all others, was the rightful enthusiast chosen for the privilege.

The book was finished and published. As we all know, it was in two volumes, and entitled "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, edited by his eldest son." One of the first copies was presented by Thornton Leigh Hunt to Dr. George Bird, and bore the inscription: *To George Bird: these relics of his friend and patient. A tribute of friendship unchangeable.*

Thornton Leigh Hunt was most grateful for all the help his diligent young collaborators had given him, and he said:

"How can I ever thank you young things enough? You've worked so hard for me."

Then turning impulsively to the piles of letters and manuscripts, he added:

"Here, I know what I'll do for you."

And he took some of the bundles and gave one to each of them. Miss Bird's bundle had a roll on the top, and to her he said:

"Take care of that. There's something valuable there."

That was the only remark he made about it. She put the treasures carefully away, and having seen after their safety, probably forgot his words about the roll. She was young, and her days were full with the joy of living and being, and of sharing her brother's home and the claims of his career. In busy, happy activity there seemed no time to focus on the past; and the roll remained unfolded, in patient abeyance, until "the ripe hour came."

Then one morning, many years afterwards, Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, went to visit Miss Bird and she showed him some of her literary treasures—letters from Shelley, Keats and Leigh Hunt, and other papers—and amongst them that roll which, I understand, she vaguely believed to be a copy transcribed by Leigh Hunt. But Dr. Garnett's keen eye knew better. He pounced upon it with joy and excitement, examined it carefully and declared it to be the original MS. itself. His opinion was confirmed by other experts. A special meeting of the trustees was called, and it was decided to tell Miss Bird that if she were willing to part with it, she would certainly receive from America a sum that would run easily into four figures, but that the British Museum, eager as it was to possess this MS., could only afford to make a modest offer of three or four hundred pounds. Miss Bird's answer was that its proper home was the British Museum, and that nothing would induce her to yield it up to America.

So in the British Museum one may see it any day. There, after its long years of sheltered privacy, it lies harboured in a proud publicity.

It will thus be realised that from an early age Miss Bird was enriched with rare traditions shared by few; and during the long years when she lived with her brother and made a home for himself and his daughters, she accumulated experiences of special value and formed friendships with many fine and famous men and women. From their house Sir Richard Burton and Lady Burton were married. It was to Miss Bird herself that Swinburne used to read his "Songs before Sunrise," before they were published. To her Sir William Crookes invariably brought his proofs to be corrected, and to her, on the wettest morning ever to be imagined, he came with his O.M. medal to receive her proud congratulation. Henry Irving, the Bancrofts, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Grant Allen, the Burne Joneses, William Rossetti, Madame Bodichon and William Black are but a few names chosen at random from the amazing list of illustrious personages with whom she had intimate intercourse.

In addition to her own vivacious and sunny individuality, she had a perfect treasure house of memories and interests to offer to her new friends as they came along in a never-failing procession. For her view was that one should keep one's old friendships intact, but also form new ties, especially with the young; and in her case this was easy enough to do, since she was endowed with a special elasticity of mind which makes for easy and delightful companionship with an infinite variety of temperaments. Her favourites were poets. If you had the good fortune to be a poet, you became a Royalty with a kingdom of your own. But whatever your gifts, you had your own definite place of respect and honour in her thoughts. That knowledge alone was stimulating to work and endeavour; and it is certain that no author ever came away from her presence without a feeling of resilience which hastened inspiration and fulfilment.

It was at Mrs. Lynn Linton's house that I first saw Miss Bird, about thirty-five years ago. I remember how much she impressed me even then as a *grande dame* of the past. Her picturesque appearance, her charm and her great sense of fun and her laughter were things one could never forget. One felt, even on a slight acquaintance, that she was a dispenser of sunshine, and that her joyous appreciation of life would linger in one's memory, even if one were never likely to meet her again. Fortunately for me and many others, she and her brother left Welbeck Street, after he had retired from practice, and came to settle in Hampstead; and it was my privilege to see them constantly and to enter into a close friendship with her which has only ended with her death. The corner house in Windmill Hill, where she continued to live after her brother's death, was the prettiest niche in Hampstead, I always thought; and it became to me, as to scores of her devoted friends, a precinct of pleasure, where at all times hospitality and a warm welcome were awaiting us, and a leisured, gracious presence was ready and eager to talk books and politics and all the happenings of the great world, about flowers and gardens and Nature and all her works, about the latest scientific discovery—"ununderstandable, my dear, but amazing and thrilling," she would say, flinging her arms out in mock and resigned despair.

If you'd written a book, you would find she had read it and marked the passages she liked, and also those she did not like, for her literary mind was fine and critical, and she knew by instinct the apt word, the

inapt phrase, the fortunate setting, the failure in consecution. If you were lucky enough to find her with a Keats or Shelley volume in her hand, then she would read you her favourite poems from these, her favourite poets, and bathe you in the atmosphere of their genius. At other times she would speak you one or two of Shakespeare's sonnets, or show you some of the letters she possessed of Shelley and Leigh Hunt and other literary men of that halcyon era. She had read and remembered so much, that her stored mind could offer you an amazing wealth of facts and impressions. Now and then, if you asked her, she would tell you about her father, James Bird, of Deerbolts Hall, Earl Stonham, who was known as the Suffolk poet, and of his later home in the nearby village of Yoxford, where she was born. She would present you with a mental picture of herself in disgrace at school, standing before the window with a dunce's cap on her head, so that all the world might know and note the measure of her iniquity. Or in her vivacious manner she would throw her arms dramatically towards the ceiling to show how the schoolmistress caused her hands to assume a suitable whiteness when a caller of the male sex was awaiting her in the drawing-room! She loved to recall also how, at the age of eighteen or thereabouts, she left the village to go and stay two or three weeks in London with her brother, Dr. George, whom she adored, and instead stayed forty years. She liked you to know, too, that in the early days of that long sojourn she had earned some very handy pocket-money with her pen.

Photo by Valentine. **Miss Alice Bird.**

If you chanced to be a suffragette, fresh from the fray, and with the light of battle in your eyes, she knew how to respect and share your aims and outlook, even if she did not see eye to eye with you in all your methods; for her sympathy was always with rebels and social reformers, and she had memories to relate to you of the great agitators of the past who had been friends and patients of the Doctor and intimates in the home circle.

If you were "a traveller from an antique land," an explorer, or any kind of wandering brigand, you would have a special claim on her regard, since she dearly loved the Richard Burtons of the world, and was ever thrilled with stories of dash and daring. If you were a little child, grandniece or grandnephew, or no relation, you called her by the name of "Lallah," as every one did, and played with exciting toys on the drawing-room floor, as though it were your rightful nursery, and screamed with rage when you were fetched home. If you were downhearted and wanted a "spree," you sought her out and found her ready to fall in and make a dash for anything whatsoever you suggested in the way of joyous adventure.

If you were a young man or a young woman just entering on your career, you were fortified by her absolute belief in the rights and claims and possibilities of the young—all the doors open, all the barriers down for the triumphant passage of the young. So long as you were alive and alert, it really did not matter what you were or were not; and you could have as many faults as you liked, with a comfortable and an easy conscience, and yet be sure that you would continue to be appreciated for the one outstanding characteristic which had secured her admiration from the beginning of your acquaintance.

This was her code of friendship throughout her long life of eighty-nine years; to rejoice in and be satisfied with different qualities in different people, and not to be ridiculous enough to turn away from them should they prove to be unequipped with all the virtues in a solid mass. A wise and fair code which makes for happiness, a code which all of us, if we could, would fain adopt for our own.

It was my good fortune to be with her, two or three weeks before the end, at a moment when she was feeling stronger and inclined for intimate talk. I spoke then of this code which had been such a lesson to us all, and of the sunshine which she had shed on so many lives. She smiled, shook her head deprecatingly and said they were glad words to hear, even if they were not true.

But they were entirely true, as we know well.

When the Great War came, some of us wondered what her mental attitude would be, since she had been a pro-Boer in past days and held no brief for England. But she ranged herself wholeheartedly on her country's side, and counted herself proud that her own young relatives and boy friends joined up instantly and came to say farewell to her in their khaki or blue. In her own way she did what she could for the wounded, took them out for drives, entertained them to tea and plied them bountifully with peppermint creams! I remember one man in the hospital where I was working—a rather rough man, too, coming to tell me that he had spent the jolliest afternoon with a "pal of mine," and that she was the brightest and sprightliest and most sporting old lady he'd ever met, and he hoped she'd ask him again. I said: "That must surely be Miss Bird of Hampstead." And he answered: "Right you are. She's a stunner."

She was delighted with this story; and I have not a doubt that her warm admirer was asked again.

XUM

It was amazing how she kept up her interests and activities almost to the last. A few weeks before her illness she went to hear Harry Lauder at the Palace, and also to the Everyman Theatre. And on the hundredth anniversary of Sir Richard Burton's birth she journeyed to his tomb at Mortlake to leave there her own tribute of flowers.

She has gone her way. The thought of death had ever been unwelcome to her. She had adored life, and always said that she would wish to have it all over again, every minute of it. But as her last illness lengthened into weeks and months, reluctance faded into acquiescence, and acquiescence into willingness. She died, as she had lived, with a smile on her face.

Other people inhabit the corner house on Windmill Hill. Other eyes look upon the old Clock House in the rear and the sweet trees so charmingly grouped in the old Hampstead garden opposite.

It will be difficult to pass that way.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY.

By Thomas Moult.

THE trade winds of English poetry once blew out west across the Atlantic from these shores almost without ceasing; of late, however, they have varied more than usual and borne many books to us written in America. It is to be confessed that towards this change in the weather our attitude has not been of especial heartiness. Even at best it is an attitude not simply insular, but *pen*insular, for there can be no insularity so ungracious as that of the pen. Individuals here and there, more receptive and internationally inclined than the majority, have at last gained attention for American poetry, but only through sheer hard work—work which might have been easier had there been one or two modern masterworks to hold triumphantly before us. But masterworks are as rare across the water as they are in England.

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters.

From "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell (Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

Too easily have we dismissed as negligible the poetry of America since Whitman, because, forsooth, it has not reached the standard of supremacy. We have chosen to ignore the important if optimistic possibility that all this good, bad and indifferent work may be the next best thing to supremacy—a preparation for it indeed, an approach. Further, in that approach may there not have been sufficient worth to challenge comparison with the poetry of England itself during the same period?—especially as English poetry seems to have shown, until quite recently, a falling away from its former greatness. There is, to choose among several examples of this worth, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, "The Man Against the Sky," with its fine opening:

"Between me and the sunset, like a dome
Against the glory of a world on fire,
Now loomed a sudden hill,
Bleak, round, and high, by flame-lit height made higher,
With nothing on it for the flame to kill
Save one who moved and was alone up there
To loom before the chaos and the glare
As if he were the last god going home
Unto his last desire";

or there is (and this a particularly apposite instance from a poetry of which considerably more than the average amount has been done by women) Miss Edna Vincent Millay's remarkable "Renascence":

". . . No hurt I did not feel,
no death
That was not mine; mine
each last breath
That, crying, met an answering cry
From the compassion that
was I.
All suffering mine, and mine
its rod;
Mine, pity like the pity of
God.
Ah, awful weight! Infinity
Pressed down upon the finite
Me!
My anguished spirit, like a
bird,
Beating against the lips I
heard;
Yet lay the weight so close about
There was no room for it without.
And so beneath the weight lay I
And suffered death, but could not die."

But it is hardly by a process of individual selection that we shall come to any comprehensive appraisal of modern American poetry. We must take into account that Whitman, who died in 1892, had found his audiences anywhere rather than among his own people; that the prevailing influences had for a long time been the work of Longfellow and Whittier, Holmes and Lowell; and that, if the poets since the Spanish-American war are to be complained against as accepting too readily the heritage of Whitman and stripping away from themselves too ruthlessly the veneer of the alternative group, allowance has not been made for the terrific reaction towards the author of "Leaves of Grass," which took place universally; for Whitman is probably the greatest element of disturbance in the poetic atmosphere of the whole world during the past fifty years. Perhaps if

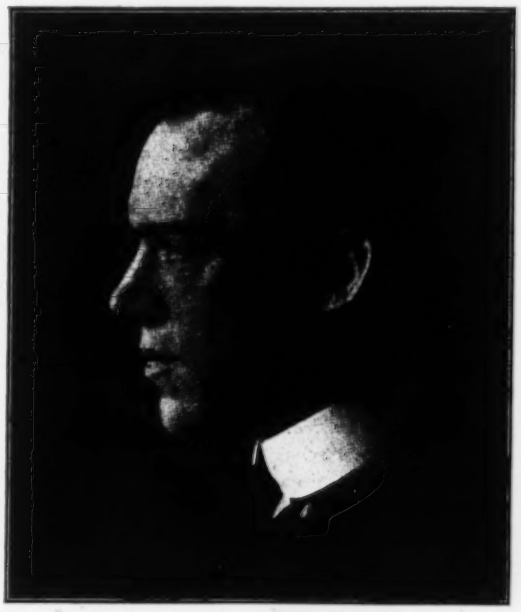
they had resisted the Whitman influence even less than they seem to have done it would not be amiss; for who would not rather look forward to an era which expresses the spirit of Whitman or, say, Poe than to one which is a return to the bland and facile self-satisfaction of Longfellow and Whittier?

There is one thing readily discernible, whether the influence is of Whitman or Longfellow or no. Contemporary poets in America are not suffering from the sins of their immediate predecessors, as are the younger men in England; they have not to spend half their effort in showing that to be exquisite and obscure is not necessarily to be a poet. Lucidity is their first quality, from Richard Hovey, Edwin Markham ("The Man with the Hoe") and Mr. Bliss Carman right onwards; we find it even in Mr. Carl Sandburg, the poet of the etching-like "Smoke and Steel." Mr. Sandburg is supposed to be of the ultramodernists, but his subtlety is usually simplicity itself. Take, as an example, the poignant poem called "Grass":

"Pile the bodies high at
Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let
me work—
I am the grass; I cover
all.

"And pile them high at
Gettysburg
And pile them high at
Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let
me work.
Two years, ten years, and
passengers ask the con-
ductor—
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work."



Mr. John Gould Fletcher,

From "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell (Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

We find it no less in Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose obsession with the concrete domestic facts of life, that "they are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens" or that "the winter evening settles down with smells of steak in passage ways" is the constant wonder and delight of London intellectuals, and whose "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is for them a portent. We find it in Mr. Ezra Pound—at least, until he began to turn out those amazing productions which no one can say to this day are original poems or translations from any of a dozen languages. In naming these men, along with Mr. Robinson and Miss Millay, Mr. John Gould Fletcher, Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. James Oppenheim, and Mr. Conrad Aiken, we are not simply naming the more complex minded, but those whose work is most characteristic, and successfully so, among American contemporaries.

Characteristically American, we say, and yet who would venture to make the distinction at the present moment between the poetry of that country and of ours—or, for that matter, between American and European? The distinction might be possible in other branches of literature, but poetry is never so localised as prose. Mr. Louis Untermeyer has just compiled an anthology* which, admirable and thoroughgoing in every way and the most helpful of introductions to the subject, presents us with examples from the poetry of a hundred writers since Emily Dickinson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. We do not find it possible to make definite classifications with any of them, unless it be the negro dialect writers, or those humorous individuals who are pursuing an excellent and apparently inexhaustible vein, such as Mr. Franklin P. Adams, with his delicious song about the rich man who has a motor-car, country and town estates, a heart that seems light, and a fifty-cent cigar, concluding on the drollest note conceivable of carefully prepared surprise:

"Yet though my lamp burns
low and dim,
Though I must slave for
livelihood—
Think you that I would
change with him?
You bet I would!"

Except in poets of this type—and it has, after all, no essential place in our survey—there is no prairie slang, no town Americanisms, nor is there anything vulgar or bizarre—unless the poet is of a cosmopolitanism that imagines vulgarity or bizarrerie as essential to modernity. Mr. J. G. Niehardt's full-blooded stanza, familiarised to us by its appearance on the title page of a popular novel by Jack London:

"Let me live out my years
in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine"—

might have been uttered by Henley himself. And Miss Sara Teasdale, with her artless, unornamented lyrics, now ranging over half a dozen volumes, might easily have been one of the English "Georgians":

"Arcturus brings the spring back
As surely now as when
He rose on eastern islands
For Grecian girls and men;

"The twilight is as clear and blue,
The star as shaken and as bright,
And the same thought he gave to them
He gives to me to-night."

For some portion of the distinction which this tiny example may possess it is possible that Miss Teasdale is indebted to the author of "A Shropshire Lad," and there are quite a number of verse-writers included in Mr. Untermeyer's collection who have all the simplicity of Miss Teasdale and little of her distinction. We may

* "Modern American Poetry." An Anthology. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. 8s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

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without difficulty reduce the anthologised hundred to a considerably fewer total of American poets with whom the English reader must reckon, although there are in addition one or two not included in the volume at all—such as Mr. Sherwood Anderson. Miss Amy Lowell, herself of much significance in poetry, appears to suggest, in a valuable series of critical essays just published on this side,* that the number of poets who count not merely as individuals but as vital influences may be figured on six fingers. She regards these half-dozen as each illustrating a tendency in present-day American poetry, and in addition to a remarkably intuitive and sympathetic analysis of their work separately, in which she brings the poet into relation with his predecessors and points out the precise moment at which he has broken away from tradition, she treats him biographically in a very helpful fashion. Her list varies, naturally, when contrasted with the names already introduced into the present article; but the variations do not matter so long as she sets out, as we have done, with the name of Mr. E. A. Robinson.

Mr. John Gould Fletcher has made the generous claim for Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson that he has done more than any other man living to make all this new American poetry possible. He was born in 1869 in a Maine village. "His voice is the voice of the New England conscience, or rather what was left of that conscience after the wave of industrialism, cheap immigrant labour, and dollar-hunting swept over New England in the seventies, at the beginning of which period he was born." Mr. Robinson, thinks Mr. Fletcher, has shown himself spiritually akin to Mr. Hardy, though in his love for cryptic statement he resembles closely the later Browning—the Browning of "Parleyings." But on the whole he is far keener in his outlook on human defects than Browning. "It is as a definitely New England product that we must take his poetry—a product owning certain affinities to Browning, Hardy or Crabbe, but with a sharp, sub-acid quality of its own."

Since 1897 Mr. Robinson has issued five volumes, not one of which has been issued so far with an English publisher's imprint. Mr. Fletcher's note on the Browning influence is particularly interesting, for Browning has impressed his poetic personality on the younger generation in America most noticeably. Mr. Robert Frost, a native of California, having been born in San Francisco in 1875, has the mark of Browning to some degree or other on the poems of each of his volumes—two of which, noteworthily, were first published on this side, where he neighboured with Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Wilfred Gibson in Gloucestershire during part of his stay here from 1912 to 1915:

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing. . . ."

The late Edward Thomas was in his turn influenced by Mr. Frost, whose "Death of the Hired Man" Mr. Untermeyer rightly claims to be one of the best genre pictures of our time.

Turning to Mr. John G. Fletcher himself, it is of interest to note that he is one of the "Imagists," a group which, although disbanded, must still be accounted as perhaps the most important of the few American poetic coteries (contrasting in this respect so healthily with England); also, like Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Ezra Pound, he has made his home in England. He has written a very fine poem on Abraham Lincoln—naturally a favourite subject in contemporary American verse. Judging by his latest volume, "Breakers and Granite," Mr. Fletcher appears to be developing strongly. His poetry has a sweeping movement, like the tide before storm, and a grasp which Mr. Conrad Aiken (who, born in 1889, is three years his junior) alone approaches, though Aiken is more dreamy, more musical, as is well shown in "The House of Dust," his fifth volume, published last year. Mr. James Oppenheim is another poet who has written on Lincoln. More definitely in his other pieces, however, are to be found his finest qualities, prophetic and psalmistic. Mr. Mencken has portrayed him as standing, as to one leg, on the shoulders of Walt Whitman, and, as to the other, on a stack of Old Testaments. Besides his poetry, Mr. Oppenheim has written several volumes of short stories, four novels, and two poetic plays. He has also been editor of *The Seven Arts*, a magazine now defunct. "The Runner in the Skies" from his second of five verse-volumes, is a characteristic piece:

"Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about her blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled;
She hurries through the night to a far lover. . . ."

Several names which have found no place so far in this essay are already familiar to English readers, and it is perhaps as well for a reminder to be given that, worthy as they are, they do not represent the whole of contemporary American poetry, nor all its most characteristic and hopeful phases. The work of Miss Amy Lowell is, we believe, to be issued shortly in a collected English edition, which will of course include "Patterns," perhaps the most successful example of *vers libre* in modern English poetry.

The work of "H. D." (Miss Hilda Doolittle) and of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, Spoon River Anthologist, is already issued here. So is that of Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, although in his case we are not supposed to regard the published volumes as the expression of his maturity. He is reported to have expressed a desire "to escape for ever the reciting and chanting Vachel"; none the less, "The Daniel Jazz" and "General Booth enters into Heaven" are something more than the juvenilia of an intensely earnest and vehement writer. They are the expression of a poet, but one too fervently set on using an art in terms which began to be obsolete with Caxton. He has learnt, and this is the discovery that most American poets are making (with the help of Miss Harriett Monroe, whose editorship of *Poetry* has counted for much in their development)—that poetry never tickles the reader, nor shocks, just as music never jingle-jangles. There is all the difference between the emphasis which comes of Bovrility, as one might call the chief physical characteristic of the United States, and the virility of an artist's expression.

* "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry." By Amy Lowell. With portraits. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto, original or selected, for the Irish Free State.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Violet D. Chapman, of the British Embassy, Paris, for the following:

THE OUTCOME.

I prayed for Happiness—unknowing
Fate held in store a greater gift,
Guiding my footsteps blindly going
To where Life's eddies whirl and drift.

Through weary years my prayers unanswered
Beat back like blows on soul and brain,
And nearer than myself was Sorrow,
And closer than my heart was Pain!

Yet at the last Life's anguish brought me
The greatest gift the gods can send:
Not even Happiness had taught me
The loving-comfort of a friend!

Had I not known the outer darkness
Without a ray of hope or light,
The Dawn had never risen so glorious,
The sun had never shined so bright!

Though Happiness may crown me never,
Nor Joy upon my pathway smile,
Yet what is mine I hold for ever,
Counting the price I paid worth while—

Since at the last the gods have spoken
From that great calm where questions cease:
"Greater than Love is Understanding—
Greater than Happiness is Peace!"

We also select for printing:

THE UNCHARTERED COAST.

I row my boat close to your golden shores
Where lie deep shadows of your dreams, and there
Put by the dripping oars; I do not dare
To venture where the lavish sunlight pours
Its benizon on flower-enamelled floors,
Only my tired thoughts follow, follow where
Your heart's white temple throws upon the air
Music of chiming bells which upward soars.
If in my ecstasy I drift too near
Those shores of loveliness and dim their light,
Yet at your whispered word, your lightest plea,
My rocking boat shall from your borders steer,
Once more the oars shall dip, and with the night
I will row out into the open sea.

(Lorna Keeling Collard, Way Close, Wincanton, Somerset.)

IRIS.

She stepped adown the winter street
As silently as Time,
About whose unreturning feet
Is quietness sublime.

She seemed as kindly as the year,
As joyous as the day,
My love leaped out to follow her
As silently as they.

(R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Margaret Brown (Harrow), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), M. Bell (London, W.), Una Malleson (London, W.), G. Lawrence Groom (Regent's Park), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Gilbert Quin (London, N.), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Dorothea Humphreys (Manchester), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Lucy Malleson (London, W.),

Prize photograph by Annie P. Pearson. **Dove Cottage: The Garden.**

Freda Isobel Noble (Forest Rise), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), M. A. Berkeley (Cranborne), Ivan Adair (Dublin), P. Sn. Aswath (Madras), Eileen Peek (Washington, U.S.A.), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), D. Freeman Larkin (Anerley), J. E. Simpson (Birkenhead), Geoffrey H. Wells (Birkenhead), Floyd Meredith (New York, U.S.A.), Amy Laishley (York), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), H. Drury (Streatham), D. Maver (Hampstead), Edith Allen (Llandaff), L. M. Priest (Norwich), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Hazel Fyffe (South Kensington), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Hilda de Fleury (London, S.W.), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, U.S.A.), Geoffrey Fyson (Cambridge), Elgar Owen (Muswell Hill), Lilian M. Belletti (Stanwell), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), B. Worsley (Llandaff), Cecil Thomas (Gibraltar), Laura Yarde Bunyard (Maidstone), Elizabeth Clegg (Boscombe), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Hugh Rodger (Bury St. Edmund's), Henry Barnett (Kobe, Japan), B. (Westerham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Maude R. Fleeson, of 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

THE BEST LOVER. By "RITA." (Hutchinson.)

"To her faults a little blind."
MATTHEW PRIOR, *An English Padlock.*

We also select for printing:

CROSSING PICCADILLY CIRCUS. By WARD MUIR. (Heinemann.)

"Give me your hand."
Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 2.)

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE. By CLIFFORD BAX. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

"Then he will talk—good gods; how he will talk."
NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*, Act I, Sc. 3.

(Mrs. C. K. T. Palmer, "Jesmond," The Park, West Hartlepool.)

THE SINGING CAPTIVES. By E. B. C. JONES. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

1. "Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Flora Thompson, Post Office, Liphook, Hants.)

2. "When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Lorna Leatham, The White House, Neville's Cross, Durham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best photograph of any scene or building that has literary associations is awarded to Annie P. Pearson, of 50, The Boulevard, Halifax, for the photograph (p. 223) of Dove Cottage, so long the home of Wordsworth in the Lake District.

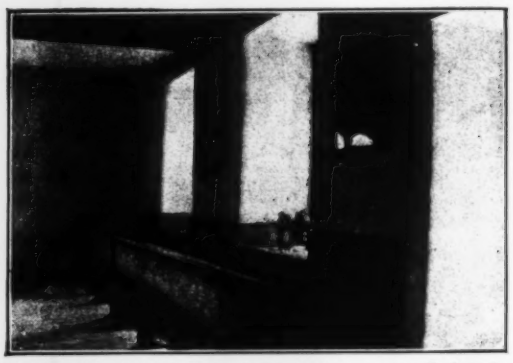

Photo by Gladys Lant, B.A. **Interior of Grammar School at Hawkshead.**

The desk on the right immediately by the door is the one occupied by Wordsworth and inscribed with his name.

We especially commend F. Sarcombe Smith (Bromley, Kent) and Gladys Lant (Leicester) for their photographs (which we also reproduce), and A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Sidney S. Green (Leytonstone), Vera Russell (Edinburgh), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Miss Ives (Erpingham).

Photo by F. Sarcombe Smith. **"The Leather Bottle," Cobham.**

Mr. Tracy Tupman's retreat ("Pickwick Papers.")

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

INDIA OLD AND NEW. By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. (Macmillan.)

This admirable book, written with knowledge and sympathy, sheds welcome light on much confused and loose thinking regarding affairs in India to-day. After-war chaos has undermined the Indian's respect for Western civilisation, and Sir Valentine asserts that a new, re-invigorated faith in the British Empire's mission can only be restored by bold, tolerant statesmanship based on "the principle of partnership in rights and duties." Those who dismiss Ghandi as a fanatic of little account, will learn that he is a man of brilliant intellect and honesty of purpose, who is saint and prophet in the eyes of an enormous following.

We also select for printing:

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHER. By H. CRICHTON MILLER, M.A., M.D. (Jarrolds.)

The theories set forth in this book, being based on practical and wide experience, are especially valuable to all thinking people, since they are concerned with the future generation in whom every one, perforce, is interested. The association of old with new facts in psychology, pure and physiological, makes an appeal to old and young alike, and the helpfulness of the chapters on "Emotional Development" is beyond words. The independence of thought shown by the writer in relation to modern theories makes for their greater value in the eyes of many readers, and also gains for those theories a fairer hearing.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE KINGDOM ROUND THE CORNER. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Dawson goes from "strength to strength," and considerably enhances his steadily growing reputation as a novelist in this his latest work. Our author is a psychologist, and a stylist, with a strong vein of genuine romance running through his fascinating pages. In this book he gives us one of the best pictures of post-war London that we have yet met; all the pathos, romance and strangeness of the world in those days is here depicted. There is fine character-drawing, strong situations, brilliant epigrams, and an indescribable, elusive charm.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., 10, Park Road, Tenby, South Wales.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent by B. Nöel Saxelby (Manchester), C. Fellsmith (Felsted), Helen Louise Bell (Manchester), M. K. Boothby (Newby), H. A. Bush (Bolton), W. Brock (Ashton), Lily Garland (Streatham), Edith Robin (London, W.), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Enid Beyton (Beckenham), A. Mason (London, S.W.), Rolanda Hirst (Washington, U.S.A.), Florence Dunfield (Newcastle), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Lucy Malleson, (London, W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol), F. Elsie Lawrence (B.C., Canada), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), M. A. Sheer (Taunton), B. C. Hardy (London, W.), E. M. Roberts (East Croydon), P. J. O'Connor Duffy (Moy), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), B. Webb (Birmingham), Margaret Wallace (London, N.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Mannington Sayers, of Northgate, Totnes.

New Books.

RECOVERED ESSAYS.*

There are few writers of whom it can be said, as it most truly can of Mrs. Meynell, that she has touched nothing she did not adorn, that her lightest essay written for an evening newspaper is worthy of saving and keeping. She is a born essayist as she is a born poet. The qualities of her poems and her essays are interchangeable. She has written nothing to which she has not brought a careful and an assiduous thought. When one writes "lightest" of her work, one remembers that she is never light in the sense of slightness. In her finest inspiration one feels the craftsmanship, difficult often, exacting from the reader the same conscience in the understanding that went to the making. This high standard in her work has prevented Mrs. Meynell being anything like a voluminous writer. Everything she has put her pen to has been noble and dignified. She has always *wrought*—and she has found the English speech to her choice a flexible instrument. It is creditable to the public taste that she has always had so many admirers. There must be a wider audience than one would casually suppose for an art so exquisite and so painstaking.

One reader remembers these essays over many years and is happy to have recovered them. There are memorable passages that one has not forgotten in, say, twenty crowded years, as in the essay, "Superfluous Kings":

"But Shakespeare conceiving for royalty not only 'the beauteous Majesty of Denmark' and the 'courteous action' of the dead—'being so majestical'—and the dignity of Hermione's daughter, and the tempest of Lear's elemental tragedy, will not consent to touch us with nothing more than pity and terror. He confronts us with the uttermost of pride of life in the royalty he sings; confronts us—no, rather brings us to our knees—before the arrogant splendour he conceives.

"Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze."

"It is the pride of life and the pride of death. Only hand in hand with a queen does Antony venture on the prophecy of that immortal vanity. It is to him are given the most surprising lines in any of the tragedies, it is only as the lover of a queen that he has the right to them. To him is assigned that startling word, the incomparable word of amorous and tender ceremony, 'Egypt.'

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

"That territorial name, murmured to his love in the hour of death and in her arms. I know not in the records of all genius any other such august farewell."

Somewhere else in an essay, or perhaps it was by word of mouth, she has taken from its setting and held out to our admiration and our memory that keeps such things like a star or a jewel, that other incomparable speech of the tragedy:

"Of many thousand kisses this poor last
I lay upon thy lips."

She answers exquisitely responsive to all such beauties and she makes others responsive.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

I have kept the falling cadences rather since I read the essay than since I read the tragedy.

Her subjects are many. They are of waterfalls and Sterne's tomb in Bayswater, from Jane Austen and Joanna Baillie, to her own personal friends Patmore and Meredith. She has a finality in what she says. One feels it is the last word.

To her lovers it will be a joy to find the natural woman in her essays. Her admiration, literary, for Jane Austen does not reconcile her to the spinsterishness of the immortal spinster. All through you feel that she can hardly tolerate Jane—Jane who even spends some of her irony on a little girl of three, "to whom children were only spoilt children." One wonders that any children were spoilt in those rigid days for children. One enjoys her intolerance of Jane through all her acknowledgment of the qualities of that masterly satirist.

"The Second Person Singular" takes its place rightly by those other slender volumes of the same writer's essays that give distinction to a bookcase. But I should like to get this into grey and silver out of the heavy black binding which misbecomes things of sweetness and austere light.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "The Second Person Singular and Other Essays." By Alice Meynell. 6s. (Oxford University Press.)

NOVELS BY WOMEN.

"Nearly all bad novels are written by women" was a cheerful generalisation by Mr. Mais in a recent review, with a comfortable oblivion of his own beginnings. It is perfectly true that a certain type of sob-stuff is supplied largely by women, while what might be called the beef tea type of fiction, bred mostly in America, staged on a desert background in various continents, is a masculine responsibility. But apart from this unprofitable allotting of blame between the sexes, and when this kind of gourd growth of fiction, born in a night to perish in a night, has been put on one side, is there such a thing as a common element present in all women creators of character, from George Eliot to Miss Rebecca West? And what is it?

It is of course nothing so tangible as an opinion. It is rather a reaction, comparable to the word test of the psycho-analyst. It can perhaps best be indicated by pointing out that George Eliot felt that Rosamund Vincey required slapping more than Stephen in "The Mill on the Floss" required kicking. The repulsions and exasperations of a woman writer are different to those of a man, and they all have a tendency to regard the same kind of predatory egoist as unendurable.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney in "Made to Measure"[1] may be said to "hands up" before the problem. Men, being rational creatures, ought to prefer the tender-hearted and honourable woman to the shallow, mendacious little cat. But none of these things count at all. There has only got to be a particular atmosphere of beauty round a woman and James Pumphry will pursue her, not indifferent to the fact that she is a liar and cold-hearted (he feels it bitterly), but dragged on against will and judgment and honour. She lies to him, she betrays him, she leaves him, she returns; he pines for her and is eternally hers, despite self-contempt and humiliation. It is "black magic."

[1] "Made to Measure." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 8s. 6d. (Collins.)

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Mary, the woman he once loved, admits her helplessness. She is everything lovable and helpful, but she has not got the philtre. The story takes place in the absurd and ungracious setting of a London suburb in peace time, smashed up later by war; absurd and ungracious but wistful to the feelings just because it was at peace.

Miss Angela Mallowes (in "The Foolish Sex"[2]) is nothing like so merciful. She traces with embittered irony the posings and attitudes of hack phrases with which utter selfishness glosses over its carefully engineered successes. "I have made mistakes and committed follies, but never, never have the motives of my follies been base or unworthy of my first white passion," writes Angel, the super-minx of the story. "Child as I was, in experience if not in years, I had yet a great faith in the protection, the power of the purity of womanhood," she smirks as she kisses lover No. 2 'under the twisted acacia." She goes to stay with a Catholic cousin and is cheered to find "her Director, that quiet, observant-looking man. . . . had found time to dwell upon the problem of my youthful, restless soul." When her hostess's rich, bald and obtuse cousin comes to call, "There have been moments when I, poor wandering, bewildered mortal, have felt the *nearness* of the other world. . . . There was work lying to my willing hands. . . . I could help. . . . Ah, Frank, if you had only *let* me help you . . ." Frank, poor man, becomes Husband No. 1. "Blind adoration is but another form of masculine selfishness—it can never give contentment to a true woman" is the conclusion Angel rapidly comes to, and proceeds on the strength of it to work a complicated system of duplicity about bills and other men's kisses. Her comment when her flagrant provocativeness has provoked these is invariably, "How men misunderstand us poor women," until she feels the need of "a youthful simplicity" conveyed by a black picture hat "to keep my faith alive in the old ideals of purity" in the murky surroundings of an unabashed collusive divorce where her husband takes on the rôle of the guilty party. Miss Mallowes's irony becomes more savage as she tells of the entanglement of a poor foolish young subaltern and the subsequent complete and rapid oblivion that covers him after his death in France. After a few more episodes Angel lands herself safely in a third marriage with a rich young man, whose troubles are still to come when the book closes. It is perhaps a trifle drawn out but every page has small touches which amply repay a careful reading.

Miss Muriel Hine's "Torquil's Success"[3] is primarily a study of a rather bearish young genius, bent on success, who gets entangled in a marriage with a beautiful and wealthy young woman, to the injury of his gifts. Miss Hine's writing might be described more as an attempt to be fair to her characters than an achievement in understanding them. She adjudicates painstakingly between Torquil and Fiammetta. But "Judge not" is almost as important a rule in the creation of character as in Christian ethics. When verdicts and sentences come in, life is apt to fly out of the window. Miss Hine, no more than others, can keep a certain note of exasperation out when she is describing the woman who conquers by sheer beauty, even though she admits her case against her husband. But it is really rather difficult to understand either what Torquil found attractive in the fatiguing literary conversation of Josephine, his earlier Egeria, or the seductiveness of his disastrous passion. The conversation of Nan the cheerful tomboy who invariably prefaced her (entirely harmless) escapades with "All right. But you mustn't tell Mum," or the entrancing observations of an inconsequent widow whose deceased husband Maurice attends her as a kind of spiritualist chaperon, tactfully approving everything she really wishes to do, would seem both more enticing. But alas! of these we see all too little, and of the stern, strong, secondary hero, Heron, all too much!

[2] "The Foolish Sex." By Angela Mallowes. 8s. 6d. (Page & Co.).

[3] "Torquil's Success." By Muriel Hine. 8s. (Lane.)

Not having read "The Red Flame," Lady Miles's novel, "Red, White and Grey,"[4] came as a discovery, and a very pleasant one. It is a study of three women, the men of the story being no better than shadows, mere necessary points and letters in a diagram. Lady Miles is as impartial as Miss Hine is judicial. She takes no sides and shows no preferences. But with a steady and sometimes brutal candour she proceeds to anatomise the hearts of her heroines, giving the moments when the steely truthfulness of Camilla degenerates into flippant hardness, together with the times when it performs an absolutely necessary surgery on the almost deliberate self-bewilderings of Felicity. Felicity is a really admirable study, fascinating, magnetic, but with a blind spot where passion is concerned. Her perfectly genuine perplexity when her adorer refuses to find it "so nice" to be "just friends"; her dismay when she discovers she has inadvertently detached her friend's lover and somehow cannot pack him up and send him tidily and promptly back, her warm and sincere but impersonal kindness and generosity are all convincing, and described with a skill almost uncanny. Yet Lady Miles has understanding left (it is too detached to call sympathy) for the sombre, sensual, obstinate and unscrupulous Poppy, bred in a sordid and quarrelsome home, who has passion, devouring and determined, but is without affection or honour. She should not however have been called Poppy, that is the author's one lapse.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

THE COUNTRY OF THE COLOUR BLIND.*

"Consider what sort of world there would be if all flowers were grey, all leaves black and the sky brown." So wrote John Ruskin. And in this magnificent volume Mr. Pennell gives us the opportunity of judging.

And frankly when we compare it with most of the colour books of the day, we are tempted to envy the colour-blind. I speak, of course, of physical vision. To the spiritual eye there is here colour and to spare. This is a collection, by a great lover of the beautiful and himself an artist, of the finest pen-and-ink drawings of to-day and yesterday, reproduced under his own watchful superintendence. To do justice to it as a picture gallery and as a book of reference is impossible in the confines of a short article. It is indispensable to all who would find themselves abreast of the possibilities that lie in the modern methods of reproduction. Nor does the value of the book rest there. Perhaps indeed its chief portent lies in Mr. Pennell's demonstration, which will come as a revelation to many, that pen drawing as a distinct art, as an end in itself, is but in its infancy. The old masters certainly made pen drawings and magnificent ones, but they used the pen for sketches of projects, intentions and memoranda. When they drew for reproduction they were limited to the possibilities of the etching needle and the burin. The modern artist is in quite other case. By the invention and perfection of photo-engraving he is set free to do what he will on the paper, assured that his most intimate and nervous lines, his most delicate drawings, can be multiplied and so make illimitable public appeal. It is, as Mr. Pennell rightly says, one of those rare cases in art in which machinery is better than hand-work, although, he slily adds, "it is mostly hand-work after all." For it is a melancholy fact that the process-plate of to-day is not so good as its fellow of twenty-five years ago. Why? Because the then maker of it was not merely a mechanic but a craftsman loving his job, whereas now, with rare exceptions, he "ca's canny" like every one else and scamps his work. And you can no more trifle with your work on a process block than on a wood block without being found out—by those who care.

[4] "Red, White and Grey." By Lady Miles. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

* "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen." By Joseph Pennell. £7 7s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

It must not be supposed that there were no artists, great or small, who worked freely with their pens before process was discovered. But they were the exceptions. Charles Keene was an outstanding example. But he cared nothing for the public. He refused to consider the limitations of the wood-engraver, of whom he was the despair. As a consequence, he was looked upon by those who could not see deeper than the block as rather a bore. It was not till after his death, when his original drawings were seen, that he rightly took his place amongst the immortals. Vierge, Rico, Dietz, Lalanne and Detaille, amongst the earliest of a great host who were destined to reap the benefit of process work, were far more fortunate. They obtained a reputation and a publicity which they would have sought in vain from the wood-engraver. Take for example the drawing by Wilhelm Leibl on page 165 of this volume to see what half-tone can do. The success of it is amazing when we consider that the original was made on tinted paper with grey watery ink and washes, reinforced by charcoal or crayon. A wood-engraver would have refused even to attempt it. The success is even more apparent in the masterly reproduction after Antonio Fabres on page 45. But it is invidious to select personal preferences for distinction, for there is something in this wonderful book for every one, however diverse his tastes.

It will be obvious from what I have said that Mr. Pennell's letterpress is of great value. There is however one point upon which I feel compelled to comment adversely. Why does he put vitriol into his ink pot when writing when he can conjure such beautiful and tender things as the Le Puy, which now hangs on my wall, when he is drawing? I find no fault with his fierce indignation. Indeed he was indignant with me long years ago as I was indignant with him, and I hope we both learned lessons from one another. I go all the way with him when he scarifies "the business man and the ad. man and the editor-man who is fattening on what is called art," in America or anywhere else, to whom "Art and literature are subordinate to advertisement" and by whom "the goods advertised are proclaimed in an uplifting and soul-yearning voice." They are despicable. But indignation overreaches itself and loses force the moment it becomes unmannerly. Why for example drag in, when discussing Bastien Lepage's portrait of our late King, such an uncalled-for rudeness as "It is more remarkable as a drawing than as an example of princely stupidity"? King Edward was no more stupid than Mr. Pennell himself, and he certainly had better manners. Further he had a much more difficult and responsible position and discharged himself in it much more than passably. He may not have been a good judge of art, but I doubt if Mr. Pennell is a better judge of kingship. No! This book is too fine to be disfigured with such *ad captandum* excrescences; Mr. Pennell's knowledge is too wide, his letterpress too informing, his taste in art too good to make such things worth while. Nor is his industry less. Though he has omitted a few pen draughtsmen—and women—who might have been included—the names of Gwendolen Raverat, Eric Gill, Sturge Moore, Claud Shepperson, Edward Reginald Savage jump into the mind amongst others—yet he has introduced to the present writer at least, who has ever had his eyes open for the best, many of which he had never heard, not only giving his word for their talent, but proving it by outstanding and typical reproductions. Further he has of course won my heart by quoting Whistler's saying, that Charles Keene was the greatest British artist since Hogarth.

G. S. LAYARD.

Market Square at Chartres.
By Joseph Pennell.
From "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Fisher Unwin).

AMERICAN LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

The widow of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the American poet and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890, has published a very pleasant book of reminiscences. It is original in style, written in the third person, and touched with a delightfully demure sense of humour.

Through her husband's position she naturally met many of the most prominent figures in the literary worlds of America and England—where the Aldriches paid visits on several occasions. But she has her own interesting little niche of girlhood memories before she met her future husband. Sixty years ago in Boston she formed a close friendship with Edwin Booth, the actor, and his young bride. The story of Booth's brief happiness is told here very touchingly. It only lasted two years, for his wife died suddenly at the age of twenty-one, and when the end came Booth was playing his part on the stage. Booth was, of course, the brother of John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on that fatal April 14th, 1865; and while that grim tragedy was enacted, the brother of the murderer was taking his farewell benefit at the Boston Theatre, amid tremendous applause. Yet the next day, by his brother's act, his life was in danger, and the name of Booth execrated:

* "Crowding Memories." By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 18s. (Constable.)

"Through the unending hours of that awful day Mr. Booth shut himself within his room, his prayerful wish that the frenzied mob might seek and find him and end his misery. And ever present in his memory was the agonising thought of his mother in her wretchedness and grief, for John Wilkes was her idol, her youngest born, and whatever the world might find of him unlovely he was to her a most devoted son."

Mrs. Aldrich saw Ford's Theatre just as the great tragedy had left it, except that it now was guarded by soldiers, inside and out:

"The stage was still set with all the *mise en scène*, as on that eventful evening of the President's death. In the box from behind the curtain that had shaded his chair I picked up a play-bill that might have fallen from his hand."

She also saw the room, in a house on the other side of the street, to which Lincoln was carried, and where he died.

Mr. Aldrich and his future wife, Lilian Woodman, first met at the table of Edwin Booth, and thus it is that the Booth family play a prominent part in the early portion of these reminiscences. As quite a young man Aldrich became assistant-editor of *The Home Journal* (a post formerly held by Edgar Allan Poe), thanks to the kindness of N. P. Willis. But Willis was not quite the European celebrity his simple-minded compatriots imagined. Although one of them, Professor Peck, quoted by Mrs. Aldrich, said of Willis, "In Europe he lived with nobles and gentlemen; dined with ease with kings"; he was in fact merely a very pushful young man and the pioneer of the interviewer. He forced his way into the presence and society of notable people in Europe, but they regarded him as a snob and a bore, despite the picturesque and fulsome manner in which he described them in his journalistic effusions in *The New York Mirror* and in his book, "Pencillings by the Way."

However, Willis and James T. Fields proved a good introduction to literary circles, and when Charles Dickens came to give readings of his works in Boston, at the close of 1867, the young Aldriches had the pleasure of entertaining, and being entertained by, the great English novelist, who was much interested in the tiny house of the youthful couple and their very youthful maidservant. Perhaps the little *ménage* reminded him of that of David and Dora. Dickens told Longfellow about the small house and its occupants, and the poet came to see for himself, and the place suggested an idyll which later found expression in "The Hanging of the Crane."

Mrs. Aldrich has an amusing, if a trifle unkind, story to tell about Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who came to visit her on a very hot day. By way of refreshment a claret cup, which unwittingly had been brewed over-strong, was offered to the famous authoress. The result was that Mrs. Beecher Stowe was overcome and had to retire to a sofa to sleep off the effects of the potation. Her crinoline flew up, revealing old V-elastic boots, white stockings and flowery garters. And when her hostess tried to put right the toilet disarray, all the thanks she got was: "I won't be any properer than I have a mind to be. Let me sleep."

Mark Twain, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, Oscar Wilde, and many other notable figures appear in this record with humorous detail. In London the Aldriches met Irving, Whistler, Sarah Bernhardt and Robert Browning—who wore diamond studs and carried a crush hat, upon which he sat all through dinner! Like all Americans, the Aldriches loved London. As Henry James truly observed to them: "It is the heart of the world, and I prefer to be the least whit in its whirl, than to live and own a territory in any other place."

This is a very entertaining book.

S. M. ELLIS.

DOWN DARTYMOOR WAY.*

When I have finished reading one of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's books I always wonder why the dickens I don't go and live down on "Dartymoor" and sit in the cosy bar of "The Plume," and listen to Johnnie Rowlands and Sam Turtle and Uncle Tom Cobleigh and the rest of them, talking their talk and telling their tales with a quaint mixture of shrewdness and romance. In "Told at the Plume," Mr. Phillpotts relates a series of stories of to-day and yesterday, in which the man and the maid, the parson and the hangman all have their place. Indeed, the story of the hangman and his rope is one of the best of them.

Most of the stories are told through the mouth of Innkeeper Rowlands, the landlord of "The Plume," a jovial soul with a keen eye to business. He speaks with the rough eloquence of a man of his class, for Mr. Phillpotts has too sure a touch to put the wrong words on the lips of any of his characters.

Each story appears to arise naturally out of a conversation or an incident—as, for instance, in the case of the marmalade-coloured cat and the devilish machinations of one Samuel Black. Here we have a murder, and very nearly two, the second being averted in quite a natural way by—but I am not going to spoil it for you!

Then we have the remarkable adventures of the young lady in the red riding-hood (no connection with the Wolf firm—under entirely new management), and the case of the girl, the potman and the frog, and what happened to them, and a dozen other 'mazing things.

I read every word of the book with delight, and wished there had been many more.

F. D. G.

* "Told at 'The Plume.'" By Eden Phillpotts. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

ABERDEENSHIRE ANTIQUITIES.*

The unpretentious title of this book and the author's modest preface, describing its growth out of a suggestion that a sort of guide-book should be prepared, giving some simple description of the Stone Circles and other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Dunecht, utterly fail to do justice to the elaborate and beautiful monograph which is the outcome of this suggestion. As the author says: "Of course the thing grew—grew beyond all original ideas of what it should be. . . . But the book does not profess to be scientific, and has no sort of claim to be conclusive or positive or exhaustive or didactic."

Bishop Browne, however, could not handle such a subject without dealing with it on scientific lines and in a measure exhaustively, and the result will perhaps appeal even more to the archæologist than to the sightseer, for whom it is professedly meant.

The chief indication of a desire to cater for the latter rather than for the former is to be found in the illustrations. Some fifty stone circles or remains of circles are dealt with in the book, and these are illustrated by between forty and fifty views from photographs of the circles or their main features, beautifully reproduced. But of only seven of the circles are there ground plans given, and of these three are mere sketches, their object being only to show the compass bearings of the stones. It must, however, be admitted that many of the circles are now so incomplete, or are known to have been so disturbed, that plans of them would be of very little value.

The main part of the book is devoted to the Stone Circles of the district, which are of a type peculiar to Aberdeenshire, and possibly unique. Their distinguishing feature is the presence of "a great Recumbent Stone, lying tangentially on the circumference of the circle, weighing many tons; with two high pillar stones standing on the circumference of the circle, one at each end of the Recumbent Stone, as Flankers or supporters." The author comes to the conclusion that these stones were used as "sacrificial stones," as well as to mark the orientation of the circles. For such a use there is naturally enough no evidence, but there is nothing against his views except that, if this was the reason for the presence of the Recumbent Stone, it is hard to see why a feature of such importance should only be found in the circles of this one district.

* "On Some Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire." By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne, D.D. (C. & O.), D.C.L., LL.D. £3 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Theories as to the object of these circles have been advanced by Sir Norman Lockyer, who thought they were astronomical and designed in order that the times and seasons might be determined by the rising and setting of the sun, or of certain stars. He assigned provisional dates for the construction of the star-circles on the assumption that the observation star was either Arcturus or Capella. The author points out the importance of such observations in days when no almanacs existed to direct the people in farming and other work. Another theory has been put forward by Mr. Hadrian Allcroft in a paper on " The Celtic Moot Circle " in the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society who, taking Homer's descriptions of the places of assembly in his day, considers that the Aberdeenshire and other rude stone circles represent the peristalith of undressed stones which in some cases surrounded the circle of dressed stones on which the elders sat. The dressed stones, as he points out, would be the first to be broken up or carried off when the circles fell into disuse. Mr. Allcroft does not, however, suggest, as Bishop Browne seems to think, that the Recumbent or other undressed stones were themselves used as seats.

Long-standing tradition, as the author shows, ascribes these circles to the Druids, and they have been known from time immemorial as " Druids' Temples " and as places where the people used once to go to worship. He evidently considers that they were also clock-circles, where the presiding Druid or magician could tell the times and seasons by day or night, and schools of instruction where he taught the young men who came to him to learn the secrets of his craft. But circles in use for these purposes would also almost inevitably be used as the general places of meeting for the settlement of disputes and the transaction of the other business of the community, over which the Druids would naturally preside.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the fullness and charm with which Bishop Browne has handled his subject, or of the wealth of learning he has brought to bear on it, and we can only glance at the remainder of the book. Two chapters are devoted to the Ogam script and to an attempt to read the two or three inscriptions which occur in the district. These show great ingenuity and, if they are not correct, as to which we can offer no opinion, at least they deserve to be. Two more chapters deal with the symbols of Pictish art found carved both on undressed and dressed stones, in the latter case generally in combination with the Christian cross. The Roman poet Claudian, who took part in the invasion of Caledonia about A.D. 400, tells how the Roman soldiers were wont to study the designs tattooed on the bodies of Picts who had fallen in fight, and the author suggests that the Pictish symbols are these same designs transferred to stone, when the fashion of clothing the body came in with the spread of Christianity and drove out the custom of tattooing. The symbols themselves he is inclined to take as marks of rank, etc., rather than as religious in their origin. Here again the question arises why the habit of carving the symbols on undressed stones should be confined within narrow geographical limits, and again there is no satisfactory answer.

A final chapter deals with cup-markings on certain stones in the district, where the grouping of some of the cups appears to be intended to represent certain of the constellations. The author gives cases where the intention seems to be unmistakable and suggests that the markings were in fact charts of portions of the sky prepared for the instruction of apprentices, while they would also serve for the production of copies on deerskin, etc. The same idea has already been suggested in connection with certain of the Scandinavian rock-carvings and cup-markings by Herr Gudmund Schütte in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October, 1920, and by Dr. M. Schönfeld in *La Nature*, February 5th, 1921. It is suggested that in other cases cup-markings are astronomical registrations of recurrent cycles of time. Undoubtedly the Druids and other heathen priests of bygone days were far more advanced in knowledge than we are ready to believe, and it is to be hoped that archæologists in other parts of these islands where cup-markings are to be found will put these theories to further test.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

THE WHISTLER JOURNAL.*

Whistler's vivid, provocative personality makes him as interesting in himself as in his work, and the authors of the authorised life of Whistler have in this handsomely-produced, lavishly-illustrated volume supplemented that biography with the story of the life he lived with them in the three years after he had asked them to write it, adding thereto the more intimate things he told them " of the sixty-six previous years in his troubled, triumphal career." The biography was the drama on the stage, but here you go behind the scenes and learn how the play was written and produced, and see the principal actor at close quarters.

It was a request from the *Century Magazine* for an article on Whistler's table-talk that suggested the commencement of this Journal, and the keeping of it has resulted in a rich collection of Whistleriana that is a valuable addition to the record of his career and to our understanding—if we can ever understand—of his character. Whistler could say caustic things of his contemporaries; he said them of Alma Tadema, whose works and ornate house amused him, and whom he always described as " he of the St. John's Wooden eye "; and Mr. Pennell is often no less caustic in his frequent and admirable footnotes to the Journal. He may be right in saying, " Poor Tadema, his fame ended with his life, but Whistler's

*" The Whistler Journal." By E. R. and J. Pennell. Illustrated. 35s. (Lippincott.)

Photo by Dornac.

Whistler in his Paris Studio.

From "The Whistler Journal" (Lippincott).

began with his death and has been growing ever since"; but is he so right in his concluding judgment, "And now Ruskin has more fame as an artist than as an author, and Burne-Jones is near forgotten, and Whistler has triumphed all over the world"? Whistler's triumph is undeniable, and if the rest is not, it is a frank and downright expression of opinion, and it is this frank self-assertion that lends piquancy to the notes throughout as the devastating frankness of Whistler himself does to much of the Journal.

There is a story of how Swinburne, Rossetti and Meredith were dining at the Garrick Club when Swinburne complained that Meredith, then editing the *Fortnightly* in John Morley's absence, had sent him only ten pounds for a poem. "Meredith explained it was what he usually got for his own poems. 'Yes, for yours,' said Swinburne, 'but mine?' Meredith tried to point out the justice of it: what was enough for him was enough for Swinburne. Swinburne got up, came over to him, and slapped his face. This was the end of their friendship." Good pleasant and unpleasant anecdotes of authors, artists and other famous men of the time are scattered liberally up and down the pages of an interesting and entertaining book that, taken in conjunction with the "Life," gives us as detailed and minutely complete a picture of the man and the artist, his manners, mannerisms, littlenesses and greatness, as we have of any famous in art or letters except, perhaps, Johnson.

The reproductions—over a hundred and sixty—of portraits, etchings and sketches by Whistler, and portraits, caricatures and sketches of him by various artists, etchings of his houses by Mr. Pennell, and facsimiles and sketches of documents and articles associated with him, add enormously to the interest and value of a work that will take its place as the complement of one of the most interesting if not one of the greatest biographies in the language.

A MIXED GRILL.*

Still they come! Book after book appears on the many phases of that vast subject we lump under the heading of "Labour," and meanwhile Labour continues to decline in status and the unemployed still persist in disfiguring our social landscape. We have thousands of books, an amazing amount of more or less exact information, quite a lot of good intentions, and yet little seems to be done to get at the roots of the problem. So what are we going to do about it? To those of us who are really interested there seems but one thing to do, and that is to keep on pegging away, utilising the opportunities we get to spread knowledge and quickening ideas; and one means of doing this is to try to push those books which can be of some assistance to the earnest inquirer. And fortunately, little as their effect may seem to be, quite a number of the books that come to one's table are of this category.

To the student of the agricultural problem, for instance, the two books now before us may be heartily recommended. Mr. Wolff ranges widely, with sympathy and understanding, and presents a survey of agriculture, with illustrations to support his contentions, from all over the world. Briefly, he seeks to re-establish on the land a peasantry which, whilst to a great extent being in the position of free cultivators, will have access to better training and education, and will naturally develop the co-operative system which has been of such enormous advantage to such a country as Denmark. Mr. Davies and Miss Evans are more drastic in their proposals. "Recent land reformers," they say, "from Mr. Lloyd George upwards, have been more distinguished for their destructive criticism—not to say vituperation—than for constructive suggestions," and they seek to restore the balance. They plump for the nationalisation of the whole land of the country. Half-measures will not suffice. So they give a detailed and comprehensive scheme whereby such a policy may be carried out. The general objections on the ground of finance and the like are faithfully dealt with.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul head the second chapter of their book, "What is Proletcult?" Yes. Quite so. What is it? And then they quote Herr Walther Rathenau's book, "In Days to Come," to the effect that new ideas make a more definite impression on the mind when they are associated with a new name. This is apparently the justification for their horrible title. "The word Proletcult is fire-new, and brings us up with a jar against the question of terminology." It does; a nasty jar! But surely Mr. and Mrs. Paul, as students of psychology, should realise that a repellent name is likely to give a lasting and definitely unfavourable impression of the thing named. The book itself, which is better than its title, attempts to show that all educational efforts in a capitalist state seek to keep the workers in a state of subjection to capitalism, and that a true workers' education would aim at teaching them how to emancipate themselves from capitalism. Mr. Appleton writes in the opposite strain. He is somewhat disgruntled with the modern labour tendencies, which he obviously regards as dangerous and not a little mad, and he has little concern for our many theorists.

Both Labourists and anti-Labourists alike will be pleased with Mr. Desmond's book. The latter will conclude from it that they were always right in regarding agitators as enemies of God and man; and the former will enjoy the joke of watching the author illuminating the obvious, with a solemn face expounding on 250 well-printed pages the trite fact that working men are human beings. The cream of the joke, however, is reserved for those of us who have known Mr. Desmond for many years and watched his development through his C. N. L. Shaw, Desmond Shaw, Patrick Desmond, and now Shaw Desmond periods, those of us especially who had no ridiculous illusions as to what happens when a man comes down out of the clouds and suddenly realises the existence of his own and other people's feet.

Better than any of the above-mentioned books—in conception, design and execution—is Mr. Orton's "Labour in Transition." It opens with a survey of the country and of industry on the eve of war, and traces the varying phases of development through the war to the general collapse of Labour after the miners' defeat in June. It is a comprehensive and well-balanced statement; and forms one of the saddest pieces of reading I have come across for many a day. But it should be read, and read carefully, and its sane and cool judgments pondered by those who now so desperately cling to their traditional privileges and power. In an entirely different category from the others, Mr. McDougall's book is also, as one would expect, an excellent piece of work. It deals not with social theories, but with the whole vast problem of civilisation itself; and to those of us who are so largely preoccupied with ideas for the transformation of social systems and national organisation it seems too ruthlessly realist. "The truth is," says Mr. McDougall, "that forms of organisation matter little."

The thing that matters to a nation, to civilisation, is the quality of the stuff of the human beings themselves. If this stuff is poor, civilisation will decay and break up under any conceivable form of organisation. Some new force is engendered in a race, and a nation rises to greatness and glory; only to decline and decay, and, in spite of the dazzling achievements of the past, "there are not lacking indications that our western civilisation may have reached its climax, and even now be sliding down the curve of decline." Strong as they now seem in the world, Britain and America may be on the downward grade; they are threatened by an insidious danger which, if it is not checked, will bring them both to ruin. Having gained certain qualities which enable them to develop a civilisation

* "Land Nationalisation." By A. Emil Davies and Dorothy Evans. 4s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)—"Rural Reconstruction." By Henry W. Wolff. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Proletcult." By Eden and Cedar Paul. 4s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)—"What We Want and Where we Are." By W. A. Appleton. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Labour: The Giant with the Feet of Clay." By Shaw Desmond. 10s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Labour in Transition." By W. A. Orton. 10s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)—"National Welfare and National Decay." By William McDougall. 6s. (Methuen.)

of a certain degree of complexity, there comes a time when the complexity outruns the innate quality of the race to cope with it. And to this point we now seem to have come. Increasing demands are made upon our leaders and rulers, upon our people as a whole, and instead of improving to meet these demands, their qualities are diminishing or deteriorating. The one factor that can save us from this fatal decline " is the increasing knowledge of human nature and of human society, and of the conditions that make for or against the flourishing of human nature and society. But the mere increase of such knowledge in scientific academies is of no avail, if that knowledge is not widely diffused among the people, and if it does not become a guide to action in public and in private life."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

LORD SALISBURY'S SCHOOL-DAYS.*

In all English political libraries of any importance there has been for a good many years past a conspicuous gap waiting to be filled by the official life of Lord Salisbury. Half of the gap will be filled by these two volumes in which Lady Gwendolen Cecil records the first half of her father's career: from his entry into Parliament in 1853, that is to say, until the Conservative debacle of 1880. Two more volumes, presumably, will complete the work. It cannot fail to take a very high place among biographies of this order. It will not appeal to so large a circle as the six-volume Beaconsfield or the three-volume Gladstone, or the two-volume Lord Randolph Churchill, but in point of literary equipment Lady Gwendolen Cecil challenges comparison with the authors of those three fascinating books. Knowledge and judgment, tact, wit—these were the principal requisites for complete success in her task; and she has them all in a remarkable degree. She needed wit more than did those other biographers. Lord Salisbury was often brilliant both in his writings and in his speeches, but he was nine-tenths a mere politician, and lives of politicians are so apt to be dull. He was not an endlessly interesting human being of flesh and blood like Lord Randolph or a transcendent genius like the "Grand Old Man." Lord Morley's great work would have been absorbing even without its epigrams and irony. As for "Dizzy," all that *his* biographers had to do was to keep him talking. It would have been almost stupid of them to be witty themselves.

It is a really remarkable achievement on Lady Gwendolen Cecil's part to have contrived to make the whole of these two volumes so readable, taken up as they are to such a degree with political events and problems long since forgotten. She will manage to hold her readers' attention, one is sure, right to the end. It seems safe to prophesy, however, that nothing she can have to tell us about her father's life and work in later years will compare for interest with the strange story of this triumphantly successful man's piteously miserable boyhood. After reading it, one can never again think of Lord Salisbury as one used to think of him. He looked to the world like one of Fortune's Favourites. The owner of "the most beautiful home in England," as it has been called by one well qualified to judge; endowed with good looks and good health; esteemed and admired and famous; married to a splendid wife and the father of affectionate and talented sons and daughters: if ever there was an enviably lucky mortal, it was, to all appearances, this third Marquis of Salisbury. As far as the grown man was concerned that impression was true enough, but the opening pages of this book are a revelation of such schoolboy unhappiness as is rare indeed. How far young Lord Robert Cecil's misery was due to his own morbid sensitiveness and how far to the actual cruelty of his companions, cannot now be estimated; Lady Gwendolen herself is at a loss to say. Certain it seems in any case that he suffered more than nine hundred and ninety-nine English schoolboys out of a thousand. His life at a preparatory school, near Hatfield, he described once as having been "an existence among devils." At Eton his troubles were even worse:

"I am bullied from morning to night without ceasing," he wrote to his father. "Just multiply ten times the bullying I got under C—— and you will have some faint idea of what I get at present. . . . When I come in to dinner they kick and shin me and I am obliged to go out of dinner without eating anything. . . . I have hardly any time to do lessons because I spend so much time in being bullied. I get a punishment regularly every morning because I have no time to learn lessons."

Seldom indeed does the butt of a school grow into a man in any way conparable with the Lord Salisbury we knew. Perhaps the nearest parallel is to be found in Anthony Trollope. Readers of Trollope's autobiography will recall the painful description given at the zenith of his career by that very prosperous novelist and popular clubman of his extraordinary woes at Harrow, and how he was despised and persecuted by masters and boys alike. There was this similarity between young Trollope and young Cecil, that both were little slovens—incorrigibly careless of their personal appearance, their clothes and books and other belongings. In other respects they had not much in common. Trollope's talents were to remain entirely undiscovered until his dismal school days had been followed by seven years of apparently hopeless inefficiency as a clerk at the General Post Office. Lord Robert, unpopular and a muff, did at least give early proof of his exceptional intellect. "One subject, not usual for proficiency in a schoolboy, in which he excelled was theology." Lord Dufferin was always to remember him at Eton as the "thin, frail little lower boy . . . even then writing such clever essays."

It is with genuine relief that one reads of young Cecil's removal from Eton at fifteen and of the two years of peaceful happiness which followed at Hatfield, "passed for the most part in practical solitude," and devoted to books and botany: "The only happy period of his boyhood" his daughter calls it. At Oxford he suffered from continual illness. Not until a long sea voyage was prescribed for him in his twenty-first year did his luck turn, once and for all, to be crowned, six years later, by a singularly happy marriage.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil's work will be read by many thousands with keen appreciation, but the reader to whom it should bring most comfort will be the shy, self-critical, ugly duckling kind of youth Lord Salisbury himself, in these early chapters, is shown to have been.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

* "Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury." Vols. I and II, 1830–1880. By his Daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE CITY OF GOD.*

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. A. E. Waite.**

This is a volume of mystical poetry—the seeking of the soul after God, the pursuit of the Divine Presence, the desire to hold God by the hem of His garment so that He may not be lost. It is a strange book in these days, as full of the other world as the "Divina Commedia," when even religious men and women give no such share of their minds and hearts to religion as was commonly given in days when people were less troubled about many things. To Mr. Waite religion and the Pursuit of God is the beginning and the end of all things. I'm afraid he need not hope for a large audience. Yet this is poetry of great beauty, never uninspired, never crabbed and difficult. He

* "The Quest of the Holy Grail." By Arthur Edward Waite. 6s. 6d. (Watkins.)

XUM

has a fresh and a radiant choice of words, a musical diction which makes blank verse lyrical, a profound sense of beauty and a rapt intensity of thought. This is a book for the true mystic. It will not concern others, nor will they follow Beata and Quaestor Dei on the mystical way. Mr. Waite's is not, I gather, an orthodox religion, but he is obviously one in love with religion, caught into it, saturated with it, perfectly aware of the immanence of God. One cannot imagine that anything else could profoundly interest him. Perhaps, indeed, outside that flooding light, there must be darkness for the one who has beheld it.

The lyrical poems which follow each section will be understood of the plain man or woman who has religion and thrills to its appeal. St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and the other great Christian mystics, John Tauler and Herbert and Bunyan and Crashaw, might acknowledge a kindred spirit in Mr. Waite: they would find him their soul's countryman. Here is one of those clear and shining lyrics:

"For what from me could hide Thee
In worlds without I sought
Who needed none beside Thee;
But there I met with naught.

"With golden tongues for leading
All Nature's glories preach,
And beauty spreads for reading
Her gospels, clear as speech.

"Where earths and skies and seas are
The witness never fails;
Thy revelations these are
And not Thy clouding veils.

"I only then conceal Thee:
Strip off this self, and I
Shall unto That reveal Thee,
Which not in self can die:

"A Thou within my being
Which past all mine and me;
My ways of thought and seeing,
Is I at one with Thee."

Not all who run can read or even aim at understanding the "Holy Grail," but who reads may run towards the goal and the vision. All the same, I am not sure that Mr. Waite might not once have been burnt at the stake as a heretic.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MIXED COMPANY.*

Amid the seething mass of mediocrity which swamps our fiction market, it seems to me that there are only two writers of the present day who stand up like rocks in the foam against the general tide of competent criticism which overwhelms our modern novelists in the reproach of mere cleverness. One of these two writers is not of English birth, unfortunately. The other is Mrs. Dawson Scott.

There are many other women novelists, each more or less excellent in her way, but none of them bearing that hall-mark of distinction which characterises Mrs. Dawson Scott's work. In her latest book, "The Haunting," she is constant to her ideals as ever. There is no paltering with the facts of life, no pandering to what is known, quite wrongly, as popular taste. There is the story she has to tell, there are the people she has to make known to us. And just as she is a born story-teller so are her people born alive. This story of a wretched fratricide driven to madness and death by remorse is saved from being either morbid or gloomy, in any true sense, by the intense humanity of the minor actors in the tragedy. Above all, there is Morwenna Liddicoat. No finer type of woman has ever been created in literature. And such a common, such a universal type! We have all met at least one Morwenna at some period of our lives. It has been left to Mrs. Dawson Scott to recognise and realise her sublime qualities, so that henceforth we should all know her and love and honour her. She is wifehood and motherhood; she is womanhood incarnate. I have no space to dwell at fuller length upon the many other transcendent merits of this most thrilling and moving book. I can only say to those who have let it pass without reading it, or, worse still! have read it without understanding, that their loss is greater than they will ever know.

I can only commend these to "Gods."

If "Gods" were the work of a blundering beginner I should say unhesitatingly that it shows fine promise. But Mr. Shaw Desmond is no novice, either in journalism or fiction. Which makes matters all the more disheartening. If you want cleverness, here it is in abundance. One might almost say, as the children say, that the author is too clever by half. He attempts too much. He is too self-conscious. Not one of his biggest scenes quite comes off. And some of his characters—witness Paris Asthar and Thrum—are sheer anachronisms. Not that I would condemn the book outright, by any means. It contains some altogether authentic and intimate studies of humble folk. One chapter entitled, "A Day in the Life of Jemmy Fontaine," apart from its mannerisms, is uncommonly well done. And there are other bits almost as good. Indeed, if Mr. Shaw Desmond would only write as easily and clearly in fiction as he wrote in journalism he might even yet make good.

Let me in turn commend him to "Latchkey Ladies." But, first, a grumble. I do wish every lady-writer would somehow make it known on the title page whether she is "Miss" or "Mrs.", or even a woman. One can never be quite sure. However, here is a book most gracefully and charmingly written. The hero of course is a cad: women's heroes mostly are. Happily, however, he is the least convincing and most boring person in the book. The sufferings he inflicts on Anne, the heroine, form the slender thread upon which the story hangs. The main theme is expressed in Anne's own words: "Latchkey ladies, letting themselves in and out of dismal rooms, being independent and hating it." But she says that in one of her despondent moods. There is always the society of the Mimosa Club to fly to. And a very entertaining society of ladies it is, where old and young alike are so delicately differentiated. Here the author's depiction of character is sure as it is deft and light. She has humour and verve. She has also a deep sense of the poignant pathos of a lonely woman's lot. She tells how their loneliness drives them into dangerous company—fortunately not so dangerous as that of the hero. For it must not be thought that all her men are cads. She has one inimitable study of a frightful, delightful snob who gallantly comes to the rescue of one of the most feather-headed of the latchkey ladies. In her handling of children also is the author most appealing. If only for the sake of that one chapter, "Poetry Day," this book was well worth writing and as well worth reading.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "The Haunting." By C. A. Dawson Scott. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Gods." By Shaw Desmond. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"Latchkey Ladies." By M. Grant. 7s. (Heinemann.)

MODERN SCULPTORS.*

In the second volume of his exhaustive book on modern sculpture, Mr. Kineton Parkes draws a distinction between Anglo-American and Continental sculpture:

"Anglo-American sculpture is fabricated, as a whole, with great technical ability and careful gravity, Continental sculpture with more temperament. In America and Great Britain artists are often made; those of the Continent of Europe are often born."

But do the facts warrant this interesting theory? Is Continental sculpture, "as a whole," really more thrilling than British work? It would surely be nearer the truth to say that in every country many sculptors are made but few are born. The academic sculptors of France and Italy are just as much "made" sculptors as the English academic sculptors, and are certainly not inferior to them in "technical ability." On the other hand Alfred Gilbert

* "Sculpture of To-day." Vol. II, Continent of Europe. By Kineton Parkes. 30s. (Chapman & Hall.)

and Jacob Epstein, in their own way, are sculptors born even as Rodin and Mestrovic.

People who have visited the Paris *salons* and the Royal Academy pretty regularly for the last twenty years have been unable to detect this essential difference which Mr. Parkes tries to see in Anglo-Saxon and Continental sculpture. There may be differences of quantity, for assuredly there is more sculpture and more importance attached to sculpture in France than there is in England; one might even go so far as to say that "great technical ability" is more common in Paris than in London; but the one thing that really matters, the high quality of genuine inspiration, is as rare on the Continent as it is in England or America.

How many sculptors have there been since the Renaissance who have succeeded in capturing the imagination of the public? Rodin did, and the genius of this great solitary has thrown so great a glamour over the work of his compatriots that superficial observers have been apt to imagine that French sculpture, "as a whole," is incomparably superior to British. Yet take away the great figure of Rodin, and where shall we find another of his countrymen who in recent years has produced one work so full of meaning and significance for the common man as the "Physical Energy" of our own G. F. Watts?

Mr. Parkes is not directly concerned with Rodin, because it is the living sculptors of to-day who are his immediate subject, but he cannot ignore the immense influence that Rodin has had on modern sculpture, and incidentally he repairs an omission in much modern criticism by giving its true value to the work of the Italian sculptor, Medardo Rosso.

More and more as time goes on we see that the "Balzac" was the turning point in Rodin's career, and that the fierce controversy over this impressive statue blazed the name of Rodin all over the world, and made him eventually one of the outstanding figures of his time. It is equally certain that the "Balzac" was the result of Rosso's influence. That Rosso was eighteen years younger than Rodin is beside the point, for as Mr. Parkes rightly points out the French master was big enough to know that "you can always learn something from the young." Rosso was undoubtedly a pioneer in impressionist sculpture, and Mr. Parkes is amply justified in ranking him as "by far the freshest force in Italian sculpture since the Renaissance."

It is a disappointment to find no work by Rosso included among the illustrations of this volume. Indeed the illustrations are regrettably scanty in comparison with the wealth of information given in the text. The honour of the frontispiece is allotted to Antoine Bourdelle, as the foremost living exponent of the Rodin school, and if a French sculptor had to be selected for this position most critics will agree that the choice is justified. But it is a little extraordinary that there is no illustration of any work by Aristide Maillol, whose influence in Paris to-day is as great as that of Bourdelle and whose work is at least equally creative and original. The absence of Maillol is the more marked since room has been found among the illustrations for two works by Joseph Bernard, two by Paul Landowski, and two by Céline Lepage.

Since it is admitted that "Mestrovic's earnest spirit has influenced European sculpture profoundly," it seems inadequate to give one illustration only of his work while so many lesser sculptors are given two illustrations, and though "The Dancing Woman" is charming and characteristic, it cannot be accepted as one of the greatest examples of the essentially tragic art of Mestrovic. Mr. Parkes might well have given more importance to this Serbian sculptor, who of all the artists illustrated here has the best right to the frontispiece.

Belgium is handsomely treated, Egide Rombaux getting two illustrations, but Russia is decidedly scamped, the illustrations being limited to one by the cubist Archipenko and one by Numa Patlegean. Even the text does not mention Naoum Aronson's Beethoven monument at Bonn or his bust of Tolstoy, either of which might deserve a place among the illustrations.

Mr. Kineton Parkes is far too conscientious an historian to omit the younger advanced sculptors whose art sometimes appears extravagant to conservative eyes. As a chronicler he duly notes their existence and mentions some of their works, but he illustrates them insufficiently. It is a great pity that the illustrations contain no work by Brancusi, Gaudier-Brzeska or Zadkine, all of whom belong (or belonged) to that army of youth from which there is always something to learn. These omissions cause the volume to appear a little biased in favour of academic sculpture, though as a matter of fact the author seldom expresses an opinion of his own. His second volume, like the first, is an extremely useful compendium of facts about contemporary sculptors, but it has no pretensions to be an essay in criticism. He gives us opinions for what they are worth, and it does not affect the solid utility of his biographical information if we hesitate to believe that Malliol still regards "fine stuff and varied technique" as "the true principles of art," or to accept Nadelman's contention that "all that is logical is beautiful," or if we cannot entirely agree with Rosso that sculpture is "a moment's monument." Some sanitary appliances are logical, but they are not generally accepted as beautiful, and the quality of the moment must always have a bearing on the worth of the monument. The Sphinx is not the monument of a moment, but the shrine of an idea.

The reason why so little modern sculpture has succeeded in capturing the imagination of the world is because so little of it has succeeded in fulfilling the first duty of any art, namely to communicate emotion. "Technical ability and careful gravity" spent on trivialities are not enough, and it is the absence of deep emotions to any considerable degree in the general body of sculpture of to-day that makes Mr. Parkes's two volumes, after all, to a great extent, a record of the failure of sculpture.

FRANK RUTTER.

A GERMAN DIPLOMATIST.*

That Baron Eckardstein's diplomatic memoirs are vastly interesting is not to be gainsaid, and it is in the nature of a compliment to the author to say that the better informed the reader the more carefully will he read the volume. It may be, perhaps, that some of Baron Eckardstein's stories about the Kaiser, coming from one who was long in his service, may be regarded as in doubtful taste, but even these lapses, which are certainly illuminating, may be pardoned, or at least condoned, being the result of apparently very justifiable irritation at the outrageous conduct of the Kaiser on the one hand and the Wilhelmstrasse on the other. To some extent the account of affairs as given by Baron Eckardstein must be accepted with reserve, for though, as the whole world now knows, the German Foreign Office officials were poor diplomatists, yet it must be admitted that it does seem extraordinary that, while nearly every one else blundered and took the wrong point of view, Baron Eckardstein was almost always the one person who pulled the irons out of the fire. In the arrangements he made on behalf of his country with Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne and Chamberlain, it was always Baron Eckardstein whose desires prevailed—or can it be that it was only so it appeared to him? In "these artless reminiscences," as the editor, Professor George Young, styles them, it is clear that he was not to blame for his failures. "It was no doubt the fault of Berlin, not of the Baron, that almost all his negotiations resulted very much more to the advantage of Great Britain than of Germany," says the editor, "but one must allow for this in condemning the buttings-in and breakings-off of Berlin that he denounces." And here it is that we come to the vitally interesting matter of the memoirs.

That the German diplomacy was bad has long been an

* "Ten Years at the Court of St. James's, 1895–1905." By Baron von Eckardstein. Translated and edited by Prof. George Young. 21s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

open secret in well-informed circles, but how blundering it was was until comparatively recently known only to those who, directly or indirectly, came into contact with it. Baron Eckardstein draws the veil so that all who will may see, and see it in all its arrogance, stupidity and near-sightedness. That there might actually have been an Anglo-German Alliance at the beginning of this century, Baron Eckardstein states as almost certain, and he emphasises the fact that this arrangement was, indeed, frustrated only on the one hand by the folly and vacillation of the Kaiser and, on the other hand, by the crass stupidity and conceit of Baron Holstein, Political Director of the German Foreign Office—or, as he puts it, "the all-powerful and eccentric Holstein and the morbid megalomania of Wilhelm II."

Really it seems as if the Kaiser could only blunder. After the death of Queen Victoria the Kaiser sent for Baron Eckardstein and made him report very fully on all current questions. "His criticisms and conclusions," we are told, "showed much clearness of mind, concentration and common sense." The trouble was that he was as unstable as water, and his opinions were at the mercy of the last comer. During the Cowes Regatta of 1893 he was grossly discourteous to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who did not suffer affronts gladly. He offended his uncle Edward again and again, one day at dinner on his yacht, *Hohenzollern*, when English people were present, calling him "an old peacock." In a letter to King Edward in 1901, when the question of the Anglo-German alliance was on the tapis, he wrote that the British Ministers were "unmitigated noodles." It is not surprising that Baron Eckardstein cries out, "Berlin certainly understood very little of the psychology of British statesmen. If only our German Michael could some day grasp the fact that diplomacy is chess and not skittles!"

Another evil genius was Geheimrat Fritz von Holstein, Director of the Political Section—the ruling factor in the Foreign Office and in the foreign policy of the German Empire—and him Baron Eckardstein pillories in no uncertain way:

> "His official superiors, the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretaries were, so far as he was concerned, only a sub-government in hopeless opposition. 'His Grey Eminence,' or 'The Empire Jesuit,' as his enemies called him, ruled with a rod of iron, and often did not allow even his immediate superiors to see his secret reports and letters. Adroit, devoted to power and indifferent to its appurtenances, but crotchety, touchy and suspicious, von Holstein was one of the most singular and secretive personalities that ever appeared on the stage or stood behind the scenes of German politics. No one who had seen how his activities worked could maintain that they were to the good of the German people. He died long before the war, but he shares with several others the chief responsibility for it."

If Baron Eckardstein never made a great reputation when he was in the German Embassy at London—and during a considerable portion of his service as First Secretary, with a sick chief, he was virtually ambassador—he, as the editor of this volume submits, must be acquitted of any large share of blame for the failure. That he was not quite so clever as he thought is but little, but he was certainly, with his limits, a much more competent diplomatist than is proved by the results. Not a Disraeli, or Salisbury, a Lansdowne or a Grey, could have achieved much against the handicap which Baron Eckardstein carried—it may be, of course, that they would have contested the handicap. In 1902 Baron Eckardstein revolted, and when the Kaiser said to him pretty brusquely that he could not understand why he insisted on leaving the service, he answered, "I am tired, the future of the Empire seems to me very black, and under existing conditions I do not see how I can do any really useful work." Whereupon the Kaiser abruptly broke off the conversation. Baron Eckardstein remained in the German diplomatic service *en disponsibilité*, and stayed attached to the Embassy in London on that footing until 1907, when he finally retired.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

CONVENIENT CHUNKS.*

This book is described by the author as a "God's-eye view of a village." He claims to have "taken a village at one moment during the war and endeavoured to give a camera obscura presentment of the multitudinous intrigues, ambitions, desires, disputes, interests, and all the social, political, financial, sexual and religious factors which thread the fabric so closely." Two maps of this imaginary village of Fletton are included, some fifty genealogical trees of the principal families, and an indexed "Who's Who" of several hundred inhabitants.

Mr. Gilbert claims Fletton to be "essentially a type." His people, he says, are to be found in every village, although there are no personal portraits. The book is written almost entirely in free verse, although occasionally Mr. Gilbert bursts into rhyme. Each of the one hundred and ninety-two characters expresses himself or herself in one or other of these forms, with the exception of Old George Jenkins, who tells us of his youth in honest prose; and the fact that the author lets his characters talk instead of himself talking about them gives their words a gusto and exuberance they would probably not otherwise possess. Unfortunately the author, in writing in free verse, is often unhappy with his instrument. It is the hardest of all instruments to use successfully—harder even than blank verse; and one of Mr. Gilbert's own characters whom his private "Who's Who" describes as—"Age 47; Vicar's wife; Church of England; Conservative"—Mrs. Osmond Lorne, describes his method:

> "I've seen how to write poetry without bothering about rhyme or metre,
> Just cutting what you have to say into convenient chunks."

The author says what he has to say in over two hundred and fifty pages of these "convenient chunks"! Deliberate humour is the only possible excuse and reason for this form. Here he is successful. "Young" Butler Atkin, for instance, says:

> "The war wasn't all it was said to be,
> The ground not properly drained,
> Tiny fields with onions growing in every gateway;
> The folks was weakly and undersized,
> And couldn't talk plain English. . . ."

"Gentleman Pinion" says, "I lent my motor to the Military at barely what it cost," which I cannot believe; and Emma Burtonshaw (age 32; Infant Mistress in Council School; Spinster; Church; Liberal—*vide* "Who's Who") is responsible for almost the best passage in the book. Miss Burtonshaw is horrified at the villagers' cruelty, and ends a long tirade of protest:

> "I apologize to the Inquisition;
> It had a moral purpose (of a kind);
> It didn't torture anybody to get up an appetite or relieve its liver,
> Or bring in a profit;
> Nor, so far as I know, did it plead in justification that the victims didn't really mind."

The reasoning here is sound and original and the form of expression amusing; but it is not poetry. Poetry cannot be expressed in such slipshod utterances as these. Every good poet is his own editor; and editors, as we know, "regret." Mr. Gilbert never apparently "regrets." Everything that comes into his mind comes out, through the mouths of his characters, in the first and worst words. If he has a standard of acceptance and rejection, like a good editor, he would appear never to use it. The first line—indeed, every line—in the book illustrates this. The Earl (who gives his name later on in the poem as Geoffrey Llewellyn Aubrey Warrington Coote) is speaking:

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> Or very nearly;
> From Fletton Towers' topmost turret . . ."

He talks for twenty-five lines with only one full stop, although these lines vary, it is true, from two to eleven words each in length. Mr. Gilbert may well object that the inhabitants of a village do not habitually talk in

* "Old England." By Bernard Gilbert. 20s. (Collins.)

rhyme or blank, but in free verse which as a rule is neither prose nor poetry. As I have already said, he argues in his preface that "Fletton is a type—its people are to be found in every village." If this is true, which I for one emphatically deny, the average English village does not at all events consist entirely of such intriguing, demoralised, scandal-mongering and repulsive characters as the vast majority of the characters in this book so infamously entitled "Old England." Nearly all the inhabitants of Fletton seem to be abandoned to the lusts of the flesh or the ecstasies of religious mania. Consequently much of this book could not be read out loud in mixed society—and poetry is not the right medium for smoking-room conversation. We are accustomed to honesty in modern letters, but when Mr. Gilbert claims, as he does, that the thoughts and actions of many of his characters are typical, he sins against the light. The village of Fletton is thoroughly demoralised and decadent—judging by its villagers, and this, as those acquainted with rural life are aware, is not true of the average English village. Lamenting poachers, ladies acquainted with the "best social ideas" climbing in their limited society, abusive parliamentary candidates—of such are these "villagers." Nathaniel Dodd (age 88; Market Gardener; Widower; Primitive Methodist; Labour) in a tirade of over seven pages, rightly deplores the sentiment expressed in the lines:

> "God bless the Squire and his relations
> And keep us in our proper stations."

It is true that in writing of village life Mr. Gilbert is competing with our finest living authors. The village is Mr. Hardy's spiritual home, and Mr. Hewlett's "Village Wife's Lament" is one of the loveliest pastorals of this or of any age. But another writer about a village—Miss Susan Miles—whose poem "Dunch" is also in free verse, succeeds where Mr. Gilbert fails. One of her characters (I quote from memory):

> "Brings with her an atmosphere of good plain needlework,
> Cowslip wine, linseed tea—
> And skirts worn out at the bottom, from curtsying to Quality."

Mr. Gilbert lacks this true Old English quality. His impressions for all their vigour are distorted and imaginary.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

THE CRAFT OF FICTION.*

The eager neophyte who buys Mr. Percy Lubbock's "The Craft of Fiction" in the expectation that it is a textbook from which he can learn the whole art of novel-writing, is doomed to disappointment. The title is indeed misleading; it promises more than the book gives. Mr. Lubbock is not concerned with the whole art or craft of novel-writing, he is merely investigating certain fundamental premises which an author must decide upon before he commences to write his novel. His publishers announce upon the wrapper that Mr. Lubbock's book is "a critical exposition of methods in fiction, particularly of the lines on which Tolstoy, Flaubert, Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac worked." "Methods" must be taken in its most exact and limited sense; it is merely the fundamental method of presentment—personal or impersonal, dramatically indicative or retrospectively narrative, or a combination of these—exhibited by selected novelists, typical of diverse manners, which Mr. Percy Lubbock puts under analysis. The result is a piece of criticism which, although not so fascinating to read as it might be, is nevertheless of considerable value in the elucidation of the still imperfectly explored theory of the art of fiction.

The novelist, contemplating the theme he is to make vivid and significant to his reader, must first decide a question which is vital to his success. What attitude shall he adopt towards his subject? Shall he talk about it in the first person as an author in no way involved with the characters in his book, even as Thackeray did in 'Vanity Fair"? Shall he narrate it in the form of an autobiography like, say, "Esmond," where the hero risks becoming vague to the reader in the absence of a direct description and only such knowledge as may be plausibly possessed by a character in the plot can be imparted? Shall he narrate it, never obtruding himself, as impersonally as possible, so that the reader gains the impression of a panoramic picture in which long periods of time are deftly elided, as in Tolstoy's "War and Peace"? Shall he present his drama, himself a discreet third-person, as it is mirrored upon and affects the consciousness of the central personage—a consciousness upon which the reader's attention is kept steadily focused—as in Henry James's "The Ambassadors"? Shall he, still discreetly in the background, unfold the story as it appears to and affects the chief personage but supplementing unobtrusively the necessarily limited vision of that chief personage with his own wider and deeper knowledge—as in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"? Or shall he work in a succession of vivid scenes, each one dramatised in detail, as Dickens tended to do? Of course, with the possible exceptions of Flaubert and Henry James, no novelist writes his book with rigid adherence to any one method, but in every case one of these methods is the mould into which he casts his work. Which, if any, is the best? This is, roughly stated, the problem to which Mr. Lubbock devotes his analysis.

Mr. Lubbock approaches his main theme through a discussion of "form" in the novel as illustrated by Tolstoy's clumsily constructed "War and Peace." And, though somewhat over-elaborated, his remarks in this connection preach the true gospel. He has already analysed "War and Peace" into two totally distinct stories—one the personal story of a selected group of young people who grow up into maturity and find themselves looking in surprise at a younger generation already entering upon the adventure of life that was their own so short a while back; the other, the epic of 1812 where Alexander and Kutusov, Napoleon and Murat are the chief actors:

> "In 'War and Peace,' as it seems to me," he says, "the story suffers twice over for the imperfection of the form. It is damaged, in the first place, by the importation of another and an irrelevant story—damaged because it so loses the sharp and clear relief that it would have if it stood alone. Whether the story was to be the drama of youth and age, or the drama of war and peace, in either case it would have been incomparably more impressive if *all* the great wealth of the material had been used for its purpose, all brought into one design. . . . Tolstoy's novel is wasteful of its subject; that is the whole objection to its loose, unstructural form. Criticism bases its conclusion upon nothing whatever but the injury done to the story, the loss of its full potential value. . . . A subject, one and whole and irreducible—a novel cannot begin to take shape until it has this for its support. It seems obvious; yet there is nothing more familiar to a novel-reader of to-day than the difficulty of discovering what the novel in his hand is about."

The writer of fiction cannot hold too strongly to this maxim—"a subject, one and whole and irreducible."

This vital importance of a clear conception of the subject is in fact the key to the whole matter, both of structural form and method of presentment. Through something over 200 pages Mr. Lubbock analyses the different methods of presentment with a subtlety that would be more swiftly shared by the reader if it were less elaborately expressed. He seems to imply a final preference for the method of Henry James's "The Ambassadors"—for the "story that is centred in somebody's consciousness, passed through a fashioned and constituted mind," but, admirably just and acute as are many of his *obiter dicta*, it is difficult to grasp precisely the conclusions to which his analysis has carried him. The novelist of genius, of course, settles the matter for himself in rough-and-ready fashion by instinctively choosing the method that expresses his subject (and his own personality, of which his choice of subject is but another symptom) most significantly. Possibly he would achieve more perfect work if he held always definite canons of method before his mind; possibly not. It would be a dull "Tristram Shandy" written with

* "The Craft of Fiction." By Percy Lubbock. 9s. (Jonathan Cape.)

the exact precision of Flaubert or Henry James! But the discussion of these points is, or should be, stimulating.

Here is just the trouble with Mr. Lubbock's book. It is interesting if, with an effort of attention, you bend your mind to it. It is not stimulating. It reads like a spoken lecture where the argument can be reiterated with an insistence that becomes tiresome and deadening on the written page. It is far too prolix in its expression. All he has to say could easily have been put into the compass of one of Stevenson's essays, and it would have vastly gained in the compression. Almost any of his phrases, taken at random, is luminous; the whole bewilders with excess of light. "The Art of Writing"—and this applies to the Craft of Fiction—"is the art of discarding the superfluous."

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

Novel Notes.

THE MOON ROCK. By A. J. Rees. 8s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This is a tantalising story of mysterious crime, for the carefully woven plot is studded, like a spider's web in the dawn, with glinting drops of greater interest. "That furtive departure on a dark whispering sea beneath a blood-red moon" was from a "trachytic island where wine-dark breakers beat monotonously on a black beach of volcanic sand, strewn with driftwood, kelp, dead shells, and the squirming forms of blindworms tossed up from the bowels of the sea." A wonderful island. We want to go back to it, to be told why the dead man was buried "with his bottles of diamonds in his coat pockets, and more in his leather bag in his breast pocket." What a setting for a story, and A. J. Rees knows the South Sea islands as we, his readers, know the restaurants of London. But it is knowing a thing too well that prevents a novelist from using it. He wants the something about which he is still learning, which holds for him wonder and surprise. The best character in the "Moon Rock" is Remington, the middle-aged doctor, who when he could take his revenge, stands aside. "I was in the position of Providence, and withheld my hand, as Providence generally does. At sixty revenge is a small thing. What is human retribution to the ferocity of Time's revenge on us all?" True, oh true!

HUMBUG. By E. M. Delafield. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In "Humbug," Miss Delafield tells us, there are no "individual indictments"; but her perception of human foible is so keen that every reader must smile a little wryly, acknowledging that this or that thrust has got home. She has in fact turned clear eyes on life, then with the tools of her insight, her vision, her fine ruthlessness, lifted aside the veneer and shown us the raw wood that it covered. At her touch the stucco peels from the house, the paint and powder from the face, and the insincerity of things and people is revealed. Which is to say that she is a satirist. Throwing a bright light on the weaknesses of humanity, she obliges us to see the results, in broken lives and suffering, of the worship of false gods. Cutting through the rubbish with which we clutter up our minds, she makes us see things as they are. It is natural that, to a mind of such clarity, the function of the novel should be distinct from that of the play. The book moves undramatically, events do not stand out like mountains, and the interest for the writer lies not so much in the psychology of her characters—for they are mediocre—but in the idea behind. This was evident in her first novel, "Zella Sees Herself," and is even more apparent in "Humbug." So far this is Miss Delafield's finest book, for it has the witty brilliancy of "Zella," "The Pelicans," etc., and the serious note of "Consequences." Her technique has hardened, and if she still hardly writes a story, she does begin and end and take such trifles as grammar into consideration.

Margaret Rivers Larminie
Mrs. R. C. Tragett).

SEARCH. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. (Chatto & Windus.)

Probably Miss Larminie is not aware of the fact that she has written an extremely sad novel. She tells the story of the inner life of a sensitive and charming man, Jim Stonehouse, who has the most dreadful ill-luck in his love affairs. He marries cold and correct Alice Channing, when he should have waited for her lovely, impulsive sister, Sophy. Stonehouse suffers very much; and his advances to Alice, his chills, longings, disappointments are sketched with an able pen. The main interest of the story lies in its portrayal of moods, and does not hang on events save on the perpetual buffeting Fate deals out to Jim. Just at the end the writer overshoots the bounds of probability, when she makes Alice die immediately after Sophy's wedding to a nobody—a few hours afterwards! Stonehouse and Sophy just missed joy. Up to the last we find Jim's feelings dealt with carefully. Bitterness, so long struggled against, at least threatened his soul, but his will and spirit rose to meet it. We would draw our readers' attention to the thoughtful study of the old father-in-law—perfectly done. An uncommon book.

FOR ME ALONE. By André Corthis. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The force of this story lies in the simplicity, the subtlety of its tragedy and in the hidden emotions of a woman's heart. The fact that it was awarded the Grand Prix du Roman for 1920 lends it, of course, a sort of glamour and an added interest; but one has only to read the opening pages to enter into the thoughts of an ordinary woman whose life on the surface has been smooth and uneventful, yet beneath whose outward calm lies a deep well of bitterness. She writes her story for herself alone, to be consigned to the flames as soon as it is written—the ungarnished history of her marriage to a man who cannot rise to her heights of feeling, nor understand the things she says, nor guess the things she does not say. It presents a vivid picture of them both—the egotistical doctor without vision, without ideals; the wife, removed from her environment by a superiority of intellect and imagination, groping after her dreams, to have them shattered at the last. The artistry of the book is exquisite, the woman's temperament traced with delicacy and tenderness, all her suppressed longings, her voiceless sufferings, finding vent in the

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written word. For a choice piece of realism that is free from sordidness we commend this powerful novel, and are confident that under Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper's able hands it has lost little in translation.

THE LOBSTICK TRAIL. By Douglas Durkin. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A bracing novel of rough folk in Canada, out to make their fortunes in that wild land. We first meet Kirk Brander, the vigorous hero, hardened and fit after many experiences. He had prospected for gold and copper, he had struggled with comrades against the wild forces in nature, each day having its supreme desires, and each night its reckoning up of victory and defeat. Now, at the end of his fifth year in the north, Kirk was going down to The Pas alone, with his dogs, and his cariole filled with furs, conscious that after five years of roughing it he could be of some good in the world of men. But Kirk was not to return after all to civilised places. There is a big theft of furs, and Kirk takes the place of the man who is suspected, in a great dog-Derby race through a winter trail running across country and across the lakes. This race is excellently described, and the plot unfolds among the group of people concerned in it, in an enthralling way. There is romance and adventure for Kirk; he loves a girl settler used to the wilds, and is left happily telling her that they are going to open a huge mine. "And we'll have a town of our own, Jule, of five thousand people."

The Bookman's Table.

ESSAYS ON THE LATIN ORIENT. By William Miller. M.A.(Oxon). 40s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. William Miller has written previously on "The Latins in the Levant" and—in the Cambridge Historical series—on "The Ottoman Empire." The present essays are reprinted from various reviews. A prefatory note informs us that in all cases they have been revised and "brought up to date by the light of recent research." In their original form there can be no doubt that they are well known to scholars and students of their subjects. They are collected here into a handsome and memorable volume, the index of which alone extends to thirty-two pages. The studies are of extraordinary interest, that on Frankish and Venetian Greece alone attaining the dimensions of a considerable work. Other subjects are the Romans in Greece, the Genoese Colonies in Greece, Turkish Greece, and the Venetian Revival therein, while in a final section, entitled "Miscellanea from the Near East," there are engarned valuable monographs on the "Mediæval Serbian Empire," Bosnia before the Turkish Conquest, Balkan Exiles in Russia, and the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Mr. Miller is a ripe scholar and we are sure that his papers in their revised and permanent form will be welcome alike to his peers in the academies and colleges of learning. and to those who are inquirers only and only beginning to read in the historical literature of the Latin Orient.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. By Arthur Belville McCoid. 6s. (Hayes.)

"The inspiration for this book," we are told in the brief preface, "is derived from long experience in the Courts." There Mr. McCoid has been brought into direct contact with the old, dusty, tangled web of the marriage relation. "Marriage," he says, "is a little problem play, with Love in the rôle of stage-manager and Money as the property man. When the wedding music dies away, the audience of friends and relatives settles itself comfortably to watch the drama. Old Daily Life rings up the curtain of experience. The husband and wife occupy their little stage of matrimony alone, uncertain of their lines." There is a fine intuitive quality shining out frequently among the merely commonplace paragraphs in this volume. The

Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett,
whose successful first novel, "The Valley of Paradise," was published last month by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

descriptions of the various types of husband are very shrewd, particularly that of "the husband who has convinced himself and his wife that he loves her, and yet continues to lead a dual existence." Male readers will doubtless pause to consider the advice—"to develop an interest in the wife's relatives, which in all probability is lacking at first." The insistence on the necessity for good temper on both sides is not in the least overdone.

THREE ACCOUNTS OF PETERLOO. By Eyewitnesses. Edited by F. A. Burton. 6s. (Longmans.)

Peterloo is one of those dark chapters in our domestic history that we do well to remember, if only because it offers a terrible example to our rulers of how not to use the power that is vested in them. Here are three accounts of that tragedy by three independent witnesses, two of them now for the first time published. The story of Bishop Stanley, in his written statement, and in the evidence given by him at the trial brought by men who were injured in the crowd against members of the Manchester Yeomanry, is impressive and convincing because the absolute impartiality of the witness, his desire to say nothing more nor less than the exact truth as he saw it, is transparent throughout. The account of Sir William Joliffe, which has appeared before, indirectly but sufficiently confirms the Bishop's story. But the fullest, most interesting of these records is in the reminiscences of John Benjamin Smith, copied from the original manuscript formerly in the possession of his daughter, Lady Durning Lawrence. He sets the "bloody proceedings," and the reason for them, in clear and unmistakable light. As foot-notes to a history that no Englishman can be proud of and no Government should be allowed to forget, these two new accounts in particular are of the greatest interest and value.

NOVISSIMA VERBA. By Frederic Harrison. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

In "Novissima Verba" Mr. Frederic Harrison collects the studies of current events and of new works which he contributed originally to the *Fortnightly Review*. "After very careful consideration," he writes in a brief preface, "I offer these essays as my deliberate judgment on urgent problems of State, still far from solution or settlement." The volume is full of incisive judgments and of illuminating comment. Mr. Harrison's old and experienced eyes survey the world chaos sagaciously. "The country vicarage and rectory, with their culture, graces, learning and humanity, will be no more known. . . . Labour, no doubt some day,

by its wonderful co-operative energy, will supply the village reading-room, the games, the holiday-making, and all the spiritual education of the ancient Church of their fathers. But the intervening time, before Labour has learned to replace what it is bent on destroying—this will be a hard time for the old poor." There are reviews here of many books, among them one on Thomas Hardy's poems. "In this mass of lyrical effusion, Nature is a graveyard: man is a hopeless mystery: love works out tragedies: Death ends all—but it leaves ghastly wraiths on earth." "Real life is not fated to end in nothingness," closes the critic. Perhaps the most memorable thing in a collection abounding in grace, wisdom and understanding is Mr. Harrison's remarks about the future: "The average citizen in easy circumstances will not see that an entirely new social atmosphere has been created on the habitable globe, as if, from pole to pole, it was overcharged with electric cycles. Such new ideas, hopes, courage and ambition have never been infused into thousands of millions of men and women in such mass, and over such range of area and clime."

Music.

SAINT-SAËNS.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

MR. ARTHUR HERVEY'S volume on Saint-Saëns was written for the "Living Masters of Music" series, and it appeared almost at the very moment of the composer's death. There is nothing sinister or remarkable in the coincidence. After all, Saint-Saëns was old (though not quite so old as Mr. Hervey makes him in dating the first performance of "The Promised Land" back to "the Gloucester Festival of 1813"), and the most sincere of admirers could hardly expect a musician born in 1835 to remain indefinitely alive merely to justify the title of a series. But though Death has intervened, it is of the living man and living musician that Mr. Hervey writes, and he writes with simple, perhaps too simple, admiration. He is the devout lover, which is a very nice thing to be, especially if you are a professional critic. It is a monstrous perversion to imagine that a critic is a fault-finder; but that is undoubtedly the general public belief about newspaper critics, and it is also the belief of many newspaper critics about themselves, and certain of them try to magnify their office by strange violence of malice or loud obtuseness. Have we not often met (you and I, Reader) in books borrowed from libraries, those marginal remarks of some aggressively silly creatures who scribble "Rot!" or "Rubbish!" on pages not their own, and who go about (as we may be sure) for days after with a haughty pride at having committed criticism? But we know (do we not?) that throwing blots is not criticism. A critic is a person who enjoys with discrimination, and tries to express his enjoyment rationally, that other people may enjoy too. He may—indeed he must—sometimes explain that he receives no enjoyment, but he does not spend his existence in looking for non-enjoyment. A man who is fastidious about his food, as all sensible persons are, may announce to the waiter (with becoming words) that the grilled sole just served is stale; but if he is a rational being he does

* "Saint-Saëns." By Arthur Hervey. 6s. (John Lane.)

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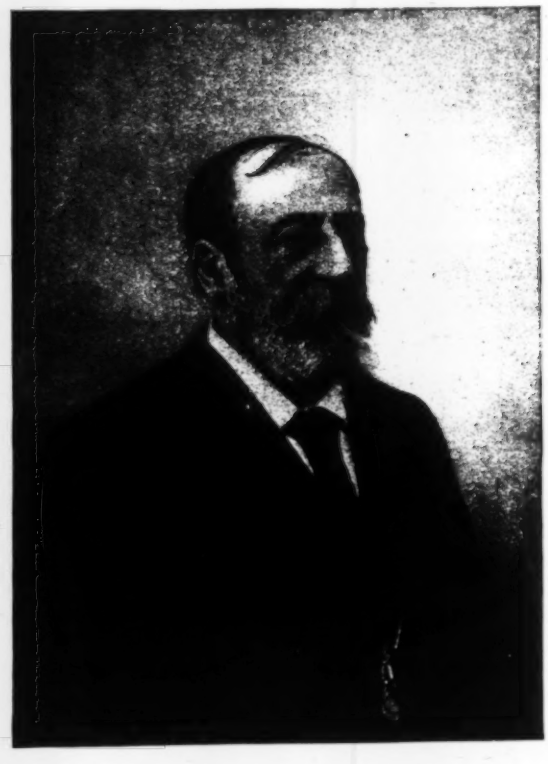
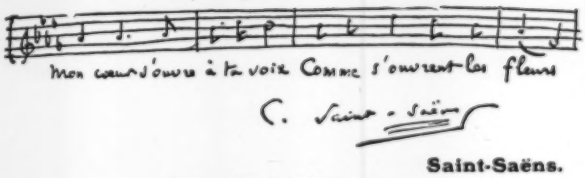
not go through life looking for bad fish. All of which, I fear, is what the textbooks call A Digression.

Well, Mr. Hervey is not a fault-finder. He diffuses a sense of genial, if not very profound enjoyment, quite appropriate to the occasion; for can we ever enjoy Saint-Saëns profoundly? I wish that he had done here what he has done in his volume on Liszt, namely, given musical quotations of themes from the works discussed, and above all I wish he had written a little more carefully. Think, Mr. Hervey, of Saint-Saëns's almost remorseless clarity and finish, not only in his music but in his prose! Can you suppose he would have tolerated such a sentence as this?—"If a spirit of lively optimism prevails in the charming Trios above mentioned, the reverse is the case as regards the Sonata for violoncello in C minor, a veritable masterpiece," etc. The volume contains too many sentences of that sort. And I should like to raise a question about one of Mr. Hervey's judgments. Writing of the *opéra-comique* in its technical sense, that is, a piece in which spoken dialogue alternates with musical numbers—a form, by the way, towards which Saint-Saëns himself was very indulgent, Mr. Hervey says:





Saint-Saëns.

From "Saint-Saëns" (John Lane).

> "Still it is generally accepted nowadays that the music should be continuous in operas that are seriously conceived, whether the subject be of a tragic order or partake of the nature of comedy."

Well, it happened that, just before I received Mr. Hervey's volume, I heard "Don Giovanni" at the "Old Vic.", performed as a work not continuously musical, but as an *opéra-comique*, with dialogue and music alternating; and although I have heard it at least a couple of dozen times as a "Grand Opera" and (happily) know most of it by heart, I felt at the "Old Vic." that I was really hearing "Don Giovanni" *for the first time*. And surely Mr. Hervey won't deny that, musically, "Don Giovanni" is a serious work! I hold (as a mere personal opinion) that the future of opera still lies along the line of music with dialogue either spoken, or set to flexible Mozartian recitative. I believe that the "magnoperations" of Meyerbeer, and the super-Meyerbeer of Wagner, and the super-Wagner of later misguided persons lead nowhere but to the desert. And if you ask me to give a reason for the belief, I will point to Mozart—and "The Mikado."

However, I appear to be fault-finding after all, so I hasten to recommend Mr. Hervey's volume as a very enjoyable and instructive account of Saint-Saëns as man, musician and critic.

Saint-Saëns is really the last of the classics, the last musician, that is, who followed without question the line traced out by Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, writing (though as a man and a Frenchman with a national and personal difference) as they wrote, and in the forms they used. He originated nothing; he left no permanent impression on any musical form, as, for instance, Beethoven did upon the symphony, and he gave to nothing that he wrote the stamp of a strong personality. César Franck was much more limited in range and much less fertile in invention; but every phrase he wrote is incontestably his and no other's. "Samson et Dalila" on the other hand might have been written by the composer of "Hérodiade." The music of Saint-Saëns never raises the heart and mind to an *O Altitudo!* or exclaims "Behold, I show you a Mystery"; but it flows pleasantly on in its facile, elegant way, never puzzling or teasing the hearer—except by the monotony of its very facility and elegance.

I think no great quantity of his work will remain in the permanent repertory of music. Much of it is shallow, with the volubility that says very little. As long as there are French pianists the two best-known Concertos will continue to be played; the familiar Symphonic Poems are always sure of a place in Promenade Concert programmes; and "Samson," having at last overcome the hypocrisy that banned it from the stage, is likely to remain popular for a long time. It is a pleasing entertainment. In fact, much of Saint-Saëns can be played with success at Lyons's Popular Café; but I don't think that much of Bach could, and not even the best of Mozart. Mr. Hervey pleads for performances here of the other operas, and complains that "Henry VIII" was given only two or three hearings at Covent Garden, and never had a chance of establishing itself. I am reminded of the embittered French dramatist who complained that the management never put on his play except on nights when the theatre was empty. I heard "Henry VIII" twice when it was given here, with Héglon as Anne Boleyn and Renaud as the King, and I assure Mr. Hervey that it failed to draw for no other reason than

its own insipidity. I am an intrepid and incurable opera-goer (somebody really ought to give me a medal for all the performances of new operas I have not only heard, but have dutifully paid to hear), and I am certain that I don't want to hear "Henry VIII" again.

Let us, as an example to our young and impatient composers, consider the fate of Saint-Saëns as an opera writer. Although a well-known and popular musician, he besieged the Paris opera houses in vain for many years. He was thirty-seven when his first opera was performed in Paris, and that was merely a one-act "curtain-raiser." His most popular opera, at first called "Dalila" (I am naturally pleased that the other party to the proceedings duly received titular honours), was not produced in France at all, but was given at Weimar in 1877, thanks to the insistence of the ever-generous Liszt, and was afterwards played with great success at Dresden, Hamburg, Prague, Cologne and other "enemy cities"—observe the date. Not till 1890 did it reach France, and then it was produced, not at Paris, but at Rouen! Do they really order these matters better in France? Certainly not in Paris, which, musically considered, is a grotesquely provincial and overrated city. But Paris really took him to what passes for her heart, and gave him in the end a great State funeral at the Madeleine, gracing his passing with military splendour and the oratory of Senators. Can you imagine England doing that for a mere musician? Our national recognition of an English Saint-Saëns is likely to reach no higher than a Civil List pension of fifty pounds for his widow, with a public and unashamed announcement of the poverty that makes it necessary.

Well, there let us leave Saint-Saëns in the church that he served so well, not praising him beyond his worth, but remembering him with gratitude as one who, in an age of ugliness, natural or affected, was faithful to the ideals of formal beauty he had found in the greater masters.

SOME VERY MODERN MUSIC.*

Many critics have emphasised a definite distinction between emotion, as represented by colour, and intellect, as revealed in form. Emotion, they say, is the feminine side of art—intellect its masculine expression. Certainly, in literature, constructive ability—the sense of form—is often curiously lacking in the work of women; who nevertheless display an intense degree of emotion, and the power to arouse it in others. In pictorial art, a fine draughtsman may have a weak colour-sense. But music is, or should be, more purely inspirational than either of the above.

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XUM

Music, still comparatively in its childhood, evinces nowadays the daring unconventionality of youth. A new quality suffuses the most modern songs, a quality for which it is hard to find a name, because there is little against which to measure it. *Toujours de l'audace* might be its motto: but that would not comprehend its authentic merits. One might term it the apotheosis of sheer cleverness: yet there is much more to it than that. This quality includes a dramatic and descriptive power, which is far from resulting in mere programme-music, but is the outcome of almost uncanny insight and sympathy as regards the ultimate facts of things. The composer often sheds a totally new light upon lines in which our casual gaze had discerned no special significance. They are transmuted from carbon into diamond: they are transfused with strange fresh meanings, whose truth we cannot but accept. They and the music together represent a remarkable blend of emotion and intellect—it is impossible to say which predominates.

Look, for instance, at Arthur Bliss's "Madam Noy," quintessence of modernity. He has taken some bizarre verses about an old witch who digs up a bone from the seashore, to work therewith an ill spell against a skipper and his black-sailed brig: and at night she hears a knocking, and a whisper, "Give back my bone!" *Allegro fantastico* exactly describes this music. It is diabolically clever—witness the weird effect produced by using the soprano's lowest notes, it is amazingly thrilling; and, although the subject is by no means beautiful, nobody can gainsay that the song is, as a whole. For beauty is a many-sided matter, and "Madam Noy" reveals some of those facets with which one is least acquainted—which must be, to some folk, almost disconcerting in their newness.

The words of "Two Nursery Rhymes" are almost entirely descriptive: yet Mr. Bliss, who revels in picturesque detail, has found fine material here. "The Ragwort" is not, intrinsically, a good lyric for setting: nevertheless the composer has lifted it from its natural plane until the Ragwort, the "Bohalaun" of Irish fairy-lore, becomes a magical golden thing. "The Dandelion" is of an exquisitely gay simplicity, "smelling of Flora and the country green": and note the novelty—I had almost said the bravado—of utilising the clarinet to provide the unaccompanied vocal part with a second and more flexible voice!

The above songs, however, are for concert rather than for private use: they demand skilled interpreters. Any well-trained amateur should rejoice in "A Lake and a Fairy Boat," a charmingly dainty soprano song by Josef Holbrooke. The last two lines, in particular, of this delicious little romance, are loveliness itself.

As an exponent of the modern school of song-writing, Cyril Scott needs no introduction. He possesses that peculiar felicity of handling whereby the least promising lyric is exalted on the wings of the music. The rollicking ruggedness of "The Huckster," with its bumpetty two-wheel-cart pianoforte rhythm, exhales the actual buoyant breath of "this fine May morning" here depicted. The poignantly wistful questioning of "Have ye seen him pass by?" finds issue in a triumphant, cynical conclusion which is a masterpiece of surprise.

"A Chinese Night" is queer, quaint, exotic: it would reveal the same characteristics had it no words at all. It will not prove to everybody's liking; to some it will be an acquired taste. Others will find pleasure in it, and a savour as of joss-sticks and scented silken garments. "An Assyrian Love-Song" lies well under the voice, and lingers tunefully in the memory; with a massive melody suggestive of love-making beside Ninevite sculptures. The music is more fortunate than the words: for it is doubtful what "Allah," a "minaret" and "Damascus" have to do with Assyria. Somewhat the same remark applies to the lyric of the pretty little trifle, "Mary Callaghan and Me." It is a lighthearted ditty, extremely easy for both vocalist and accompanist: but the first verse deals with a wedding, the third with a christening, and the middle one with an accouchement: which is no subject for song to anybody concerned. "The Pirates," a cheerful effort suitable for anybody, has a real touch of humour at the close. The harmonisation of the first four lines in each verse may seem a bit raw: but this will not be obvious to all. "The Music that Love Made," while of a contemplative strain, demanding a cultivated, thoughtful executant to evoke its best effect, exhibits a quiet charm of its own. Among the above-named ten songs there is sufficient scope, choice, and diversity to attract and to satisfy the most fastidious.

MAY BYRON.

TRUE-TONE VIOLINS—HOW TO MAKE THEM AND PLAY THEM.*

Mr. W. J. Farrell, an artist in the craft of making violins, and Professor Leopold Auer, an artist in playing and teaching others to play violins, each has written a book of extraordinary interest. If a love of the violin did not presuppose some acquaintance with it as a player, these books might unhesitatingly be recommended even to the uninitiated, provided that they have ever sat at the feet of a Kreisler, a Sammons or a Kubelik. When our vociferous acclamations of some great master of the bow have died away and we wend homeward with shining eyes and a troubled soul, there remains place for curiosity about the wonderful instrument from which divine music was so masterfully evoked, there remains a lingering question—how is it done? If the reader is not experienced in the qualities and faults of violins, he or she will miss the full flavour of controversy in Mr. W. J. Farrell's plain-spoken treatise on "The True-Tone Violin"; but there is no escaping a conviction of Mr. Farrell's sincerity and thorough knowledge. He claims that violins can be produced with the natural or Cremonese tone—not haphazardly, but definitely, one after the other, and that, in spite of the experts, they can be produced in British workshops without the long period of from fifty to a hundred years for seasoning which has been regarded so long as necessary. This is certainly striking evidence from a master-craftsman, when the craft of making violins is being revived in North London by newly-apprenticed ex-service men. "It would be very interesting," he says, "to know just how many of our present-day firms have given preference to the British violin. We see the foreign variety advertised very abundantly. We never see an advertisement relating to new British violins. Always the preference for the foreigner, because the foreigner can supply the cheapest, and usually the inferior article." Mr. Farrell's demand for violins of first-class tone will certainly be echoed not only by the modest fiddle-scraper at home, but more deliberately by the violinists in our best orchestras. His claim that the art of Stradivarius is being practised to-day by English craftsmen should awake their sympathetic interest. Mr. Farrell is instructive as well as controversial, and his chapters, illustrated by helpful photographs, dealing with right and wrong violin-making, are admirably clear, in spite of a happy-go-lucky employment of the English language.

Professor Auer has high credentials as a teacher of the violin. During sixty years' experience his pupils have included such famous instrumentalists as Richard Bourgin, Isolde Menges, Mischa Elman, Kathleen Parlow, Jascha Heifetz and Max Rosen. His book, "Violin Playing as I Teach It," is valuable to teachers as well as students. Professor Auer gives a timely warning in his "introduction," that all who decide to devote themselves to music should at the outset ascertain whether nature has gifted them adequately for the particular instrument they propose to master. Among the "pre-requisitions," "a certain amount of auditory sensibility" is certainly not inappropriate. Fat fingers, wrong conformation of the hand, arm and wrist are other obstacles needing recognition.

* "The True-Tone Violin." By W. J. Farrell. 5s. (Cassell.) —"Violin Playing as I Teach It." By Leopold Auer. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Such difficulties avoided, the student will find Professor Auer's chapters on "How to Hold the Violin," "How to Practise," "Tone Production," "Hints on Bowing," "Left-Hand Technique," and so on, a precious supplement to their present knowledge, and his remarks on "Style," "The Violin Repertory of Yesterday and To-Day" and "Practical Repertory Hints," are charged with valuable advice to teachers. The opening, autobiographical chapter, entitled "How I Studied the Violin," is so interesting and yet suffers so obviously by compression, that one concludes by a return to this chapter and a wishful thought that the author may join the ranks of eminent musicians who have written reminiscences full of undying interest to new worshippers of Euterpe.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

BACH'S CHORALS.*

The author of the three volumes of research, inquiry and study of "Bach's Chorals" is the professor of literature at Aberdeen University, a former professor of history at Armstrong College, a Cambridge scholar and, before that, a choir-boy at St. Paul's Cathedral under Sir John Stainer. His early training and his lifelong enthusiasm for music account for his passion for Bach. The non-professional nature of his calling, from the musical point of view, accounts for the successful fulfilment of his colossal task, for surely no professional musician could possibly have afforded the time for so immense and all-absorbing an undertaking. It is rare indeed that the expert knowledge of the musician is so happily harnessed with the polished technique of the literary scholar. It is still more rare that we find a volume bristling with organ technicalities as does this final volume, free from such errors as, say, Mr. Ernest Newman is guilty of in his translation of Sweitzer's "J. S. Bach," one chapter of which is enough to set an organist's hair on end. ("Flügel," however, should have been translated by "Harpsichord.") Dr. Terry's discovery of Bach's early use of Witt's hymn-book, "Psalmodia Sacra," opens up a new field of exploration and enables the author to give here for the first time the full design and purpose of the "Orgelbüchlein." The author's method is to give the source of the hymns and melodies; the tunes are given in their earliest published form; a translation of every hymn used by Bach is provided, and biographical and bibliographical information is furnished concerning authors, composers, the *locus* of the MS. and autograph texts, etc.

We congratulate Dr. Sanford Terry on his brilliant achievement. It is only when the scholar trespasses into the uncharted waters of musical æsthetics that his *dicta* are open to question. Thus, logically, the preface is the weakest part of this third volume. It quotes Mr. Harvey Grace, the editor of the *Musical Times*: "Until recently not more than one organist in a hundred knew what Bach was driving at. In many cases it was impossible to say whether the music was joyful or sad." This is unconvincing; for the provision of the words to the Choral Preludes does not unravel the knot, if knot there be—after André Pirro's exhaustive revelation of Bach's pictorial method. Take the first tune in Dr. Terry's book (p. 83) where the alto melody belongs to a hymn of a very different mood. Or again take the second tune, where our author himself admits: "In none of the three movements (founded on this tune) is there apparent an intention to distinguish the stanzas of the hymn by musical treatment." No; the only clue to the rendering is to be found in the music itself.

One other matter: one regards the reappearance of Errata sheets in books as one of the least welcome of post-war features. Dr. Terry's second volume contained fourteen Corrigenda of the first book. This volume contains no less than fifty-four for the second. One wonders where the Corrigenda of this present volume will appear.

S. F.

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LITERATURE AND THE SILENT DRAMA.

CURRENT FILMS REVIEWED.

BY FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

Charles Dickens in 1837.
From a sketch by Samuel Lawrence.
"Pickwick," which Dickens was writing in 1837, is now making a successful appearance as a Film Drama.

CINEMATOGRAPHY has made immense strides in recent years, and one of the most interesting developments has been the "filming" of famous novels. Admittedly there is still room for improvement, but on the whole the producers have constructed pictures which convey the spirit of the books selected as faithfully as it is possible for the camera to do. It must be remembered that when the dramatised version of a novel is presented on the stage the actor can not only make use of the actual words of the author, but can add to their effect by the intonations of his voice; whereas the film actor has to rely on gesture and facial expression for his effect.

So far books for filming (to use a convenient term) have been selected at random; naturally enough, the producers have looked at the question through the little window of the box-office. One does not blame them, but it is to be hoped that this branch of the art, or industry, whichever you prefer to call it, will receive such public support that producers and their backers will not hesitate to put out complete film libraries. There are "popular" printed editions of the works of Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and a dozen other famous writers; why should there not be film "editions" also?

It has been suggested that the filming of a book adversely affects the popularity of the printed edition. On the contrary. For my own part, at least, had I not already known and loved Mark Twain's delightful "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," I should certainly have obtained a copy after seeing the artistic representation of it recently shown on the screen.

The great danger is the temptation of the producer to introduce an anachronism for the sake of "improving" his picture. In a film version of "Dombey and Son," shown some years ago, there was, I am told—for I did not see it myself—a telephone much in evidence. The mentality of the producer was evidently similar to that of an actor who would gag in Shakespeare. Fortunately such instances are rare.

At present there is a distinct boom in the literary film. Among those which have been shown or are still in course of preparation are "Kipps" (H. G. Wells), "Broken Blossoms" (Thomas Burke), "Sinister Street" (Compton Mackenzie), "The Channings" (Mrs. Henry Wood), "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray), "The Pickwick Papers" (Dickens), "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (Hardy), "By Berwen Banks" (Allen Raine), "No. 5, John Street" (Richard Whiteing), "The Scourge" (Rafael Sabatini), "The Children of Gibeon" (Walter Besant), "The Three Musketeers" (Dumas), and many others—not a bad selection from the literary standpoint.

There are, it is true, many films which are worthless—foolish, suggestive and in bad taste—but that is all the more reason why the public should heartily support those producers who are giving them clean, charming and amusing pictures. In this respect it is pleasant to find that British producers are well to the front. The whole industry is passing through a difficult and trying time, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the British public will discriminate between the gold and

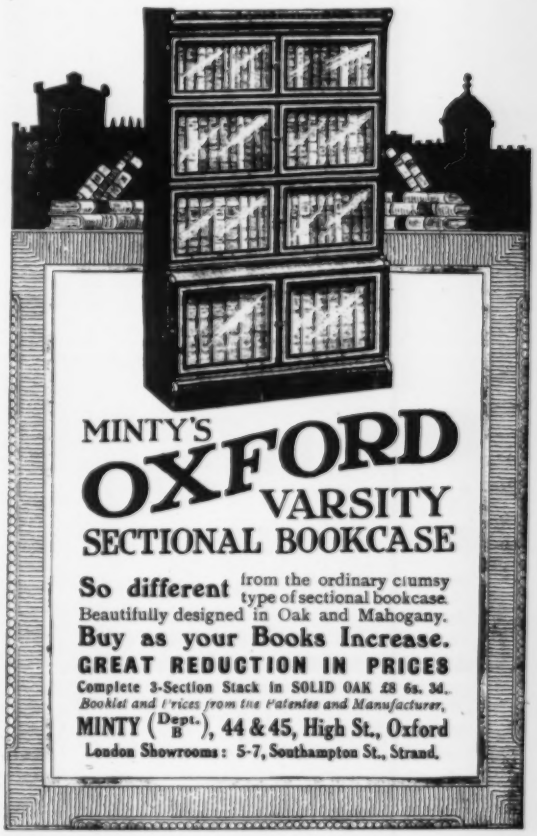
the dross and so make it possible for the producers of the right films to continue their work.

The book-lover should not only welcome the cameraman to his world, but should requite his labours by hearty personal propaganda among those of his fellow-readers who have not yet realised that book and film are friends, not enemies.

* * * * *

Having seen the production, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of the film version of "The Three Musketeers" in which Mr. Douglas Fairbanks played D'Artagnan, I am proud to think that no British producer was responsible for such an appalling travesty. The ruthlessness with which the producers mangled the immortal romance was only equalled by the mixture of buffoonery and vulgarity with which Mr. Fairbanks attempted to convey an impression of the character of the inimitable Gascon. His fencing was ludicrous even to my eye; the comments of a skilled swordsman who saw the film with me were too pointed to be reproduced. It is a pity such an elaborate production should be so irritating. The costumes and settings must, I think, have been costly, but their effect is destroyed by the utter failure to appreciate the spirit of the book. For example, Aramis, like the other Musketeers, was a young man of good family, remarkable for his slim figure and graceful movements; the actor who played the part was made up to look like a fat debauchee who would murder his mother for a couple of francs. The object of "filming" a book is, I take it, to present as accurate a pictorial story as is possible consistently with the compression which time and other considerations demand—a task which any competent sub-editor could perform as readily as he writes a synopsis of the serial running in his daily paper. Here, however, the producers have lightheartedly cast aside all restraint. Not content with maltreating the original narrative, they have introduced incidents which Alexandre Dumas never contemplated, and which have not even the merit of being amusing, interesting or probable. And through it all Mr. Fairbanks clowns his way with a cheerful disregard for good taste and artistry. One can almost hear him saying "*Gee!*" as he perpetrates his absurdities.

In happy contrast is "The Channings," from Mrs. Henry Wood's famous novel. It is rather the fashion nowadays to sneer at Victorianism, but the reception of this film when I saw it was a well-deserved tribute to producers and actors alike. It was thrown on the screen immediately after a typical "sex" play, and the comments I heard were by no means favourable to the latter. I do not think I have ever seen a film in which the original story was more accurately told. The story is admittedly rather sentimental, and the picture could very easily have been allowed to degenerate into bathos. But good taste and good acting save the situation every time. Lionelle Howard, who plays Arthur Channing, took the trouble to learn the organ for the purpose of this film—and became so fond of it that he is now a capable musician. The only criticism an exacting critic might make, perhaps, is that the return to health, after grievous illness, of Mr. Channing is so complete as to make some of us a little envious—but I am not going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